

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 195.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1850.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERET A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 157 BROADWAY.

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STUDIES OF THE SPANISH DRAMA. FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILARÈTE CHASLES. (Translated for the Literary World.)

VI.

Continuation of Studies on Calderon—Criticism applied to the Spanish Theatre—Drama of Catholic Symbolism—The Devotion of the Cross.

EUSEBIO OF THE CROSS has not received with the celestial symbol a pure soul and an honest mind. He is of a brutal nature, violent, impetuous, indomitable. This man with the temper of a wild beast is to be edified by the symbol; Eusebio is to march through blood, tears, parricide, and incest. We shall not inquire as to the morality of this fantastic drama. We do not ask for a moral lesson from those Christian paintings, where the quivering flesh of the martyr bleeds under the knife of the executioner, where the muscles are bared, where the painter has realized, under the sacred aureole, terrible tortures; we shall separate the artistic from the political inquiry. Idolatry of the symbol—that is the text of Calderon—the given subject, it is impossible to press from it all the consequents more energetically, to demand with more imperious force the tragic meaning which it incloses. The young people fight. The sword of Lisardo hits the holy cross which protects the criminal Eusebio. The latter kills his adversary. "Alas! shall I die without confession!" exclaims Lisardo. "In the name of that cross on which the Saviour died, do not let me die without confession."

"In the name of the cross! That word saves you. Come, I will take you in my arms; there is a convent of monks hard by, I will carry you myself, and you shall confess."

"I thank thee, I thank thee; for the pity which you show me, go on. I promise thee that when I shall be before God, I will ask from him the same grace; I will ask of Him not to leave thee to die without confession!"

Eusebio carries his expiring adversary in his arms, and places him at the porch of the neighboring convent; then led by the impetuous ardor which never quits him, he directs his steps towards the home of Julia, sister of him whom he has just slain. His intention is to persuade the young girl to follow him; he wishes to carry off Julia before the news of her brother's death reaches her. "If it be

true: that thou hast loved me," he says to her, "if it is certain that your heart and mine understand one another, come, come on the instant: your father is inflexible, he will sacrifice thee to his tyranny, you cannot conquer his resistance. Come, I have a palace to cover thee, I have friends to defend thee, I have gold to offer thee, and a heart to adore thee. Come, yield me your life, and so save mine."

Julia, who has hesitated a moment, is on the point of yielding; her father appears. It is a good old custom of the Spanish drama to hide the lovers in the wardrobes and cabinets. Julia, who is afraid of her father, opens the door of a chamber to the young Eusebio, where he crouches; the father does not notice anything, and converses with his daughter.

"He has," he says, "the greatest reasons for condemning her to a religious life; poverty, the antiquity of his family, the necessity of not dishonoring his race by a misalliance, that of leaving to her brother, Lisardo, the little remaining property, but, above all, his pleasure, the paternal authority which decides him to take this course." The Castilian father is evident in this. His daughter, Julia, hears him in silence; he speaks with pride of the future of his race, and of his son, Lisardo, who will not fail to restore its grandeur; he abandons himself to this enthusiasm of an old man and a Spaniard, when a corpse is brought in.

It is the dead Lisardo, the young man whom Eusebio had slain.

"Ah!" exclaims the old father, throwing himself upon the body of his son, which is borne by peasants, "let me behold him, this corpse already cold; let me contemplate these opened veins which let out all my life's blood, all the happiness of my old age."

And he embraces the remains of his son.

"Who is it that has slain him, who has destroyed my last days upon earth?"

They tell him, Eusebio.

"It is well," he exclaims, "it is the same man who takes away my honor and my happiness. Disculpate yourself, if you can, Julia. Say that your love was chaste, O unfortunate one! Do you not see your father and your brother perish by the same blow and from thy hand? Go, go and write with this flowing blood the history of the murders of thy voluptuousness! Ah, answer me not, be silent! let me not hear thy voice. Hide that beauty which has caused the death of my son. My son, my daughter, you no longer exist for me. He is dead to the world, but he lives in my heart, and you who live for the world are for ever dead in my heart. Remain, remain, with this corpse; may it be thy lesson and thy torture. I inclose you here beside your dead brother. Let the doors be closed."

The doors are actually closed on Julia; the bloody corpse is before her; she bewails, as the sublime Spanish author says, her murderous pleasures; before her crime, she contemplates the whole at once. The moral starts forth, unexpected and powerful, from the depth of this scene so contrary to all morality.

Eusebio is still in the cabinet.

Calderon does not quit the situation, already so beautiful, which he has invented; the creations of great genius are never wanting to this law; they do not sparkle solely from one

point, beauties beget beauties, it is a long train of ignited gunpowder, a splendidly luminous course. The dead Lisardo would not be a sufficiently severe lesson for his sister, as Curcio says, if Eusebio, emerging from the cabinet where he has been concealed, did not in turn show himself. The corpse of the brother is placed between these two persons, it is their work; the young girl obstinately repulses Eusebio, and resists his supplications.

"No!" he says to her, "a convent even shall not protect you against me."

"Take care as to that, I shall know how to defend myself."

"But shall I see you again?"

"No!"

"What! no hope?"

"None."

"And you already detest me?"

"I ought."

"And you will forget me?"

"I do not know."

"But do you remember our tender love?"

"But look on this blood which flows! The door opens; away, Eusebio, for ever!"

So ends Act the First. From the first scene to the last it is burning with the breath of passion, which increases to crime; and all that God commands, all that humanity respects, will be crushed by the Symbol.

Eusebio of the Cross, the murderer of Lisardo, repulsed by his mistress, pursued by justice, has fled to the Sierras. He is a brigand. We shall meet him again in the mountains. He commands a troop of bandoleros. "Ah," says he, "they have treated me as a criminal! my crimes shall equal their chastisement. They punish me as if I had traitorously assassinated Lisardo: my country persecutes me; I am exiled. They have taken from me all that I possessed; my friends abandon me; I know not how to obtain my existence. I will merit their vengeance: whoever passes through these mountains shall pay me the price of blood; the public injustice shall be expiated. The traveller shall first give me his life, then that which he possesses."

A traveller appears, and falls.

"Captain," says a bandolero to Eusebio, "the ball has passed through his breast."

"Let him be buried. Put a cross over his grave. And may God pardon him."

"Come on," says one of the bandits, "we robbers are never wanting in devotion."

A priest passes through this dangerous wilderness. The arquebus of one of Eusebio's soldiers is levelled at and hits him. This priest has, however, composed a *Treatise on the Miracles of the Cross*, and his manuscript is placed in one of the pockets of his garment. The ball touches the manuscript, and falls flattened, without wounding the preacher. Astonished at the prodigy, the bandits conduct the ecclesiastic before their chief, who is no longer amazed at anything when the sacred work is placed in his hands.

"I am happy, thousandfold happy," he says, "that the lead should have softened like the pliant wax. I would rather have been consumed in flames than have offended the cross! Priest, I give you your life; keep all that belongs to you; I only wish from you this book. As for the rest of you, respect his

liberty, and accompany him for his protection."

"I will pray God," answers the priest Alberto, "that he will remove the scales from your eyes, and enlighten you as to the error of your life."

"If you wish me well," continues Eusebio, "pray God that he will not let me die without confession."

"I promise thee. Wherever I may be, if you call me, I will come; and I will quit my solitude to hear you confess."

"I have your word?"

"Here is my hand."

The old gentleman whose son Eusebio has slain puts himself at the head of some troops who are to deliver the brigand to justice; and these troops surround the mountain which he has made his abode. Whilst this danger menaces him, Eusebio, who does not forget his young mistress, and the promise, or rather menace, of his adieux, receives precise information as to the situation, inmates, and means of ingress of the convent in which her father has confined her. The characteristic essence of the Spanish drama being essentially lyrical, he does not pretend to imitate in a servile manner the events of life, nor to follow, so to speak, in the footsteps of every event. Vraisemblance, in the hands of Calderon, has no need of being attested by those minute details which give to an illusion the appearance of reality.

Calderon never materializes his drama: he does not trouble himself with making his characters move like clockwork. He contents himself with not shocking or forcing our credulity; with not doing violence to the auditor's sense; with maintaining himself in the natural sphere of his work. For the moderns, art has become something entirely different,—it has made itself a mechanism. Impossible inventions are procreated with infinite ado, which are attempted to be explained by factitious and fragile devices. Complicated machines are set up, whose play excites our astonishment.

Let us continue.

The young man wishes to find again her whom he loves. He has discovered her retreat.

We are at the convent walls: a ladder is placed against them, and the companions of Eusebio exhort him to mount. He trembles: is he stopped by the moral sentiment of the action which he is about to commit? No: the cross which he bears on his breast burns him; flames pass before his eyes; the steps of the ladder seem to be in flames; nevertheless, he rushes up. Were hell within, nothing would restrain him.

At the same moment that Eusebio penetrates to the interior of the convent, the soldiers whom Curcio commands have invested the mountain; and the father, who wishes to avenge the death of Lisardo and the compromised honor of Julia, takes possession of the retreat of the *bandoleros*, and arrives at the foot of the great cross which occupies the centre of this sort of savage circus. He recoils in terror on beholding the sacred sign: this cross reminds him of a terrible adventure of his youth. It is this: shortly after he was married, being forced to leave his wife, and remain absent for several months, he received from a servant tidings which falsely inculpated his wife's fidelity. He returned. An alteration in her shape had displayed itself during his absence. Curcio, believing himself wronged, breathed only vengeance. He forced the unfortunate wife to follow him, and conducted her through the rough paths of this fatal and desert mountain. There, overcome with grief and terror, in vain demanding mercy from her husband,

she fell at the foot of the cross we are familiar with—

"In God's name," she exclaimed, "mercy! mercy!"

"No: you bear the infant who is to be thy death!"

"Is it so? May the Cross protect me! Oh, Saviour of the world! save a wretched woman! Oh, Jesus! prove that I am innocent!"

As she speaks he stabs her with renewed violence. But the blade only penetrates the air, and wounds the wind which whistles by.

Ever alive and preserved by a prodigy, at the foot of the protecting cross, and beneath the powerless poniard of her murderer, she gives birth to two miraculous infants. Several persons are attracted by her cries, and in the confusion and trouble of such a scene, one of the newly born children is abandoned by the peasant who had taken charge of him. The one who is removed, and who finds an asylum beneath the paternal roof, is a daughter, Julia. Her mother, as soon as her strength is restored, consecrates her to God, and embraces a religious life. Julia, child of prodigy, is also destined to the service of the altar: such is her father's will. The divine finger is upon her—a cross of fire and blood is traced on her breast.

Such are the adventures which the old man recalls with terror. He has recognised the fatal crucifix, the wild theatre of this extraordinary drama. He is lost for a long time in thought, and demands of the Most High the reason of so strange a destiny.

Let us return to Eusebio. Night gathers; the moon shines through the lofty casements of the monastery. The convent opens to his steps, and opens also to our observation. He walks through the long corridors where everything is in repose. Man of crime, of murder, and man predestined, he seeks his prey in the sanctuary of virginity and peace.

He opens, one after another, the narrow cells of the nuns: he does not yet find Julia. Certain, the situation is one of the most difficult which can be imagined.

It is easily guessed that Julia is the sister of Eusebio; and this dramatic investigation augmenting in intensity, would touch the horrible and insupportable, if Calderon were not gifted with that true genius whose essence is pure. We shall see him, on so difficult an occasion, recover the morality which belongs to him,—the sublime modesty which never forsakes him. His white and virgin wings dip in the storm without a flutter, and glance scatheless by the thunderbolt.

Eusebio opens a portal, which reveals Julia, asleep, and but partially draped.

And he pauses.

"It is she indeed! Shall I speak to her? Ought I to awake her? Why does my bold soul tremble here? Why is this trembling passion also so audacious? This humble vestment which she wears, this simplicity, this adorable grace, arrest and touch me in spite of myself! This purity triumphs over my phrensy. There, where the body is perfect, chastity also dwells. A holy awe emanates from beauty, and if this beauty penetrates my being, the most holy respect governs my senses."

To this sublime assimilation of the beauty of form and of moral beauty, an extraordinary scene follows, which has no parallel for ardent and naked truth and naive energy.

Julia awakes, and the seduction of a mutual love seizes both with impetuosity. But suddenly Eusebio's most passionate words are interrupted by a movement of horror; he re-

pulses her for whom he has violated the sacred cloister of the nunnery. He has seen the divine imprint of the symbolic cross, the double mark of flame and blood, with which the divine hand has marked the young maiden from the cradle.

"Woman, let me escape! I have seen God, the avenging God. Every one of the tears which you shed scorches me. Every word kills me; every look is a torment; every kiss a hell. Ah! this cross, this cross which I have seen on thy bosom, this prodigious sign, this warning from heaven, this horrible and holy mark. Remain a nun, Julia, and leave me!"

Thus does the omnipotence of the symbol manifest itself, according to Calderon, chaplain of the church of Toledo. Eusebio flies, and seeks to join his bandits. "Ah," says he, "life is long enough for the man who suffers, it is a great desert which opens before him." As to Julia, the poet, faithful to nature and to his impassioned movements, gives her a resolution as strange in appearance as it is true in reality; a naive and singular development of the heart of woman. The flight of Eusebio, and the horror with which she appears to have inspired him, remain graven in her mind: the chaste solitude of her convent has been troubled, and love, vexation, and fury impel her from its precincts in search of her lover. Her business is to avenge herself for the disdain which she has seen arise. "Gall and poison," she says, "course in her veins with her blood." Wandering a long time among the mountains where she knows that the chief of the *bandoleros* has taken refuge, she changes costume, character, and soul, becomes the murderer of a herdsman who has threatened her with violence, and at last finds Eusebio, whom she provokes to a duel. She fights, her head enveloped in her cloak; she is slightly wounded; Eusebio recognises her. Soon the troops who have surrounded the mountain, give battle to the bandits. Curcio recognises his son, who dies in receiving the absolution of the priest, Alberto. As to Julia, her father, learning her flight and her crimes, wishes to stab her.

"That thy death," he says, "may be as atrocious as thy life."

But she embraces the cross, and dropping a long black veil over her shoulders:

"Divine cross," she says, "save me. I swear to live and die in penitence."

"A great miracle!" exclaim all the bystanders.

And, according to the ordinary formula of Spanish dramas, Curcio appears in front of the stage and says—

"Thus ends the astonishing comedy of the *Devotion of the Cross*. May its author be happy, and pardon him his faults!"

The Spaniards only have been able to create such a Drama and give a new expression to the Art. This tragedy, founded solely upon fanaticism, not to correct it, as in the *Mahomet* of Voltaire, but to extol it, presents a unique work, and one which will remain as the monument of a fanatical society, though all the souvenirs, all the monuments, all the books of Spain were to annihilate themselves in one common wreck.

What is left of primitive Greece? Homer; a torso of a Goddess, a fragment of a temple from the chisel of an Athenian sculptor. If the word immortality be not an empty sound, it is to the arts that it appertains, and at the head of the arts stands poetry. The arts preserve the traces of the passage of the generations over the changing earth on which we are placed; they tell over again the past, in the midst of lost dynasties, and of those myriads

of forgotten kings who have no longer in any place a name; they concentrate the past into entirety.

In the same way that *Hamlet*, the drama of doubt and northern gloom, could only have appeared in Great Britain after Luther; the *Devotion of the Cross*, this drama of southern symbolism and unrestrained belief, could not have been born, germed, and ripened, but between the Pyrenees and Gibraltar.

The proper function of passion is to destroy all equilibrium, to absorb, to make itself mistress, to extinguish all which approaches it; it wishes to burn by itself, even though it should devour itself in its ardor. If a people give themselves up to a passion, it is by it that they will subdue, by it also that they will die.

Italy, from the 15th to the 16th century, gave herself up to the love of the arts. Virtue, liberty, happiness—nothing existed any more for her, but she had Raphael; her lusts and her vices were an opprobrium to the world, but she possessed Benvenuto Cellini. She gave lessons of license to the nations; but she was about to have Palestrina. The popes, abandoning themselves to their favorites and their mistresses, incited schism, awoke Luther; but they had Michael Angelo. Catholic unity was everywhere shattered; and the Vatican raised her cupola over all, symbol of the all-powerful Arts.

The people have their passions, and it is our passions much more than our thoughts which form our destiny. The equilibrium has been broken in Italy by the passion for art; in Spain, by the excess of faith; in Modern Europe, by the excess of doubt. The races and the peoples follow their course.

(To be continued.)

THE WEBSTERIAN LATINITY.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 11, 1850.

To the Editors of the *Literary World*:

A COMMUNICATION in your valuable journal of last week upon the *captatores verborum* of Mr. Webster, and a paper signed "Codex Alexandrinus," seems to require a few words of reply.

Q. E. D. does not give a correct account of the origin of the controversy. Mr. Webster's expression, "There was in classical times a set of small but rapacious critics denominated *captatores verborum*," was occasioned solely by the sophistical manner in which Mr. Mann and others took a few words from his speech on the 7th of March, out of their connexion, and represented him as saying what every candid reader of the speech knew that he did not say, viz. that human legislation ought not to embody the laws of God. Mr. Webster's animadversion touched this point alone, and not Mr. Mann's general argument upon the political question.

Again, Q. E. D. states only one of the questions raised by Mr. Mann in his classical note. The questions actually started by that gentleman were, as I explained in my second communication—

"1. That there was not in classical times any such 'set' as Mr. Webster describes.

"2. That there was no such expression known in classical times as *captatores verborum*.

"3. That *captatores verborum* is bad Latin.

"The first of these negative propositions is necessarily implied in the question which he 'respectfully asks'; the second is involved in his argument on the meaning of *captator*; the third is distinctly asserted in the affirmation that Mr. Webster 'brings discredit on the New England colleges by his bad Latin.'

The entire argument of Q. E. D. turns upon the *Classical Latinity* of the phrase, used in a

particular sense, and his conclusion is, "that Mr. Webster has no good authority for the expression *captatores verborum*."

Allow me to quote from my second communication a few remarks bearing upon this view of the case:—

"It must be obvious to every one that Mr. Webster's general allusion to those old critics was sufficient for his purpose, if such a set of critics existed; and that the only questions of any consequence to justify the illustration were, *did they exist, and had they the characteristics attributed to them so as to make good the comparison?* The next question naturally relates to the latinity of the phrase *captatores verborum*, and the last and most insignificant of all, whether this denomination, in precisely these words, was applied to this set of critics by a contemporary classical Latin writer. Had I dreamed that Mr. Mann intended, by the sounding title of his note and the emphatic comparison of Mr. Webster's 'ridiculous classical blunder' to Lord Kenyon's unlucky but apocryphal misnomer of the Emperor Julian, to raise only the inexpressibly unimportant question of the chronology of a phrase, I should not have troubled your readers with a single remark. And this is really the whole question which Mr. Mann has argued in his late letter, although he makes a show of maintaining that *captator* is only used in certain specified meanings by the classical writers."

And I may add that this is the whole question argued by Q. E. D., without even a show of touching upon the more material points in the discussion.

Your correspondent is also incorrect in asserting that Codex Alexandrinus "changed his point," since this was the very first position Cod. Alex. took up on the field, and he has maintained it to the present moment. In the first communication it was observed, "But the set of word-catchers to whom Mr. Webster more especially refers, are doubtless the critics who flourished in Alexandria," and afterwards:—

"In the next place I refer to another set of word-catchers, who were so peculiarly addicted to these captious arts, and to whom Mr. Webster's description applies with such literal accuracy, that I supposed he must have had them in his mind."

Indeed, it never occurred to me that Mr. Webster alluded to any other set than the Alexandrines, though the phrase in question "aptly describes" other classes of quibblers. Q. E. D. meets this point by telling a very good story, insinuating that Mr. Webster knew nothing about these Alexandrines, and that, though the "information" may be a cabinet secret, it is more probably only a surmise of my own. I confess it does not seem to me probable that Mr. Webster should have so exactly described a captious set of critics, without being aware of their existence; and when I proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that there was just such a set, I do not think it a very logical answer to my *proven facts* to throw out a mere conjecture that these were not the men, and that it is unlikely Mr. Webster ever heard of them. It may be that Mr. Webster wrote the description in a state of clairvoyance; if so, it adds another fact to the long catalogue of the miracles of magnetism.

In another point Q. E. D. misapprehends me; that is, in regard to nouns in *or* derived from verbs. The example he fancies of *dicere* and *dictor* shows that he understood me to maintain that we might form a noun in *or* from any verb, and use it in all the senses of the verb. But I said no such thing. I take the phenomena of the language as they exist, and I say that nouns in *or*, actually derived from verbs, are so used; that is, in all cases where

those who spoke and wrote the language have formed such nouns, the use of them according to the various meanings of the verbs is legitimate. Had *dictor* been formed by the early Roman writers, it would have had all the corresponding significations of *dicto*. But, as Q. E. D. intimates, *orator* is the word they employed; he should have added that it is formed from *oro*, precisely according to the principle I laid down, and is a good illustration of the rule. Allow me to quote what I have said upon this point:—

"As to the application of etymological reasoning to the case in hand, Mr. Mann blamably misrepresents me. I do not 'look at etymology and derivation alone for the decision of the question.' My words are—'As *capto* means to hunt, to snatch at, &c. (and these are substantially the first definitions given in the best Latin dictionaries; see Forcellini, Freund, Riddle, and others, the last defining it to endeavor to catch, *snatch at eagerly, to attempt to get possession of*), so *captator* means a hunter, one who snatches at.' I did not think it necessary, but I now find it is so, to quote from so elementary a book as Zumpt's Latin Grammar, the rule relative to nouns derived from verbs, and ending in *or*. 'Substantives are derived (says that recondite author, p. 196, American edition) from verbs. 1. By the termination or appended in place of the *um* of the supine in transitive verbs, to denote a man performing the action implied in the verb.' *Capto*, supine *captatum*, noun in *or*, *captator*, denoting the man who performs the action implied in *capto*. This rule is of universal application, being founded on the laws of thought. Similar rules, involving the same principle, exist in all languages. *Maker*, for instance, is the man who makes, whether shoes, sermons, speeches, or classical blunders. *Hunter* is the man who hunts, whether foxes, boars, legacies, words, or scandal and gossip."

These views of etymology, and of the relations between derivative nouns and their verbs, I am sure your correspondent will admit to be correct.

Q. E. D. admits the Latinity of the phrase *captatores verborum*, when he says that "Mr. Webster might have ventured to give the name of *captatores verborum*" to the sophists to whom Cicero ascribes *captatio verborum*; but he maintains that this is not the point in dispute. The distinction attempted to be drawn is this—Sophistical reasoners, like those alluded to by Cicero, may be correctly called *captatores verborum*, because they seek to employ words illogically and sophistically in their own arguments; but that the designation *cannot* be applied to those who carp at the words of others, and misuse and pervert them. The Latinity of the phrase is admitted; the specific application of it is denied. But how is it possible to establish such a limitation? A reasoner who uses words sophistically, will use any words sophistically, whether his own or another's, if they are to the purpose of his argument. It is a subtlety which neither the laws of thought nor the usage of language can for a moment sustain. In order to make good this view, Q. E. D. is obliged to explain away the two authorities which I cited—one ancient, the other modern. In regard to the former, I remark in my second paper:

"The particular author whom I quoted was Paulus Julius, the most famous as well as the most voluminous juridical writer in the annals of the Roman law; and he lived at the close of the second, and the beginning of the third century of our era. As Mr. Mann relies on the classical authority of Prudentius, a Christian poet, born in the middle of the fourth century, consequently about two centuries later than Paulus, I think he must re-consider his dictum, and allow my witness to take the stand.

"The noun *captator*, according to the principle

above laid down, may be correctly used in all the corresponding variety of senses with the objective genitive. To whatever extent, and whatever variety of meanings the verb passes, to the same extent and the same variety of meanings the use of the noun is legitimate. If *captare* means to quibble, then *captator* means a quibbler, or one who tries to catch another by taking an unfair advantage; if *captare verba* is good Latin—and I think so distinguished a writer and so well trained a legal mind as Paulus Julius would scarcely have used it unless it were—then *captator verborum* is equally good Latin for a misinterpreter of words."

With a view of setting aside the authority of Paulus Julius, Q. E. D. furnishes the following interesting biographical notice of that illustrious jurist:—

"Who was Paulus? What was his occupation? When did he live? What is his reputation as a writer? These are pertinent questions. Julius Paulus was one of the most distinguished jurists of his time, a pupil of Papinian, a fellow-laborer of Ulpian, and a most prolific writer on law. He commenced his public career during the reign of the emperor Septimius Severus, who reigned from 193 to 211 A.C.; continued it under Caracalla, who reigned until 217; was banished by the succeeding emperor, Elagabalus, who reigned until 222; was recalled by the next emperor, Alexander Severus, who reigned until 235. He belongs, therefore, to the first half of the third century. His native country is not known. By some it is believed he was born in Phœnicia, of Greek parents, and certain peculiarities of his style are accounted for by this circumstance. His merits as a jurist are eminent. His numerous works furnished a great portion of the materials for the Pandects or Digests. His style is censured as being too condensed, and in consequence of that obscure, and as being marred by foreign, Greek, peculiarities. These blemishes vanish into nothing, when we consider the influence and authority of the man as a jurist; but they must not be overlooked when he is quoted, as has been done by Cod. Alex., as an authority for an expression unsupported by that of any Latin writer."

The same kind of objection might be made against any writer not born in Rome. Quintilian and Seneca were born in Spain; Plautus himself was born in Umbria, and worked in a mill; the elegant Terence was born at Carthage, and a slave. But neither the birth-place nor the condition of these distinguished writers affects the value and authority of their works. Whatever might have been the origin of Paulus, his life was passed in the highest Roman society; he was the associate of the most cultivated men of his age; his works were the highest legal authorities, not only in his own day, but through the whole subsequent history of the empire, and they furnished about one sixth of the Pandects of Justinian. His style has "been censured," it is true, just as Livy was charged with *Palavinity*, but has also been ably defended. But whatever may be the clearness or obscurity of his style in general, in the passage referred to there is no obscurity or ambiguity. "Non oportere jus civile calumniari, neque verba ejus captare sed qua mente quid diceretur, animadvertere." The rule of construction and interpretation here laid down, is as admirable as the language is clear, explicit, and unquestionable. In the statement of such a rule the writer would, of course, use language with the greatest precision: and the authority of words so employed must be considered more weighty than in any merely literary composition. The phraseology thus selected by Paulus, under circumstances which would make any tolerably exact man peculiarly circumspect in the choice of his words, stood the test of time, and in the sixth century, it was adopted into the Digests

by the ten commissioners under Justinian, without a word of comment or objection. I confess it seems to me incredible that a judicial writer, in drawing up a rule for daily application in the courts of law, should have violated the fixed usage of the language in which he wrote, committing a "ridiculous classical blunder;" that the phrase should have been inserted in the Digests without correction or remark; and, finally, should have been cited by the best lexicographers as an authority for the definition of a word, without a suspicion that the great jurist was disgracing the Roman schools by his bad Latin, or that they were discrediting, one and all, their philological soundness by an untenable explanation.

Q. E. D. admits that *captator* occurs in its first literal sense, in the lines taken from Prudentius, *captator * * lupus*.

Q. E. D. sarcastically insinuates that I have contented myself with "a slight consultation of a dictionary." It is rather curious that after this fling, he should have taken the greater part of his article from Bailey's edition of Forcellini. But this and other little satirical touches in his paper, I shall not retort, because I know that the suggestion of superficial investigation they would convey, is unfounded in his case. They are spicy sprinklings, forming a *sauce piquante* to a pleasant dish, but are no part of the solid matter. Your correspondent is an able scholar and an acute critic, though I think him certainly mistaken in this discussion. In point of fact, however, I consulted every author to whom I referred, and examined every passage in all its bearings and connexions. In Plautus, for example, the word *captare* occurs about six times: once in the sense of catching literally, as in *RUDENS*, the fishermen say, *Cibum captamus e mari*: again, catching in conversation, as in *MOSTELLARIA*, in the dialogue between Theuropides and the roguish servant of his son, the old man says,

"Docte atque astute captandum est cum illo, ubi huc everserit
Non ego illi exemplo meum ostendam sensum, &c."

The first part I translated—erroneously, as Q. E. D. says—"I must craftily and learnedly quibble with him." He proceeds, "Docte in that place does not mean learnedly, but cleverly, cunningly. Cod. Alex. has probably not looked at the context, or should he be ignorant of this frequent meaning of *docte*?" Certainly he did read the context, and he is not ignorant of the meaning in question; but should Q. E. D. be ignorant that *learnedly* is frequently used just so, in English? He evidently supposes that I used the word *learnedly* in its grave, erudite signification; on the contrary I employed it as the Latins use *docte* in the sense of *skilfully* or *cleverly*, which is given in all good dictionaries, and perfectly idiomatic, as one familiar with the comic usage of the English language knows. Q. E. D. asserts that "*captare cum illo* is the same as *captare illum*," in Plautus; but he is of course aware that there is a question whether this is an example of that peculiar Plautinian construction. Weisse and some other editors consider it so; but Bailey's Forcellini, from which Q. E. D. cites so much, though he does not cite this, referring to this very passage, says, "*Captiosis verbis, et callida, vafraque disputatione cum aliquo contendere, et captiosis niti ut decipiatur*." It seems to me this is better suited to "the context," which I am supposed not to have looked at. I am not solicitous to defend the word *quibbling*, though it is completely borne out by Forcellini; but the sense of the pas-

sage is certainly to entrap him by a crafty and skilful turn of the conversation. With Q. E. D.'s exposition of *captare* as generally used, my own agrees substantially, except that I think him mistaken in maintaining that "in every case it is to be taken in the sense to try to seize something for the purpose of using, employing, appropriating it," if by this he means, that this particular verb has a reflexive signification in a different manner from most other verbs. Whatever action is predicated of an agent may be said to be done, in some sense, for the benefit of the agent. *Captare brachia* to seize a man's arms, is not to seize them for the purpose of using, employing, or appropriating them, but for the purpose of hindering another from using his own. *Captare muscas* means to catch flies, but the act of catching them does not determine the use to be made of them; it may be to impale them on a stylus, as the Emperor Domitian did: or it may be to let them go again.

The authority of Stephanus, which perfectly corroborates the passage from Paulus Julius, is no otherwise assailed by Q. E. D., than by ironically applying to that eminent Hellenist the epithet *great*. I therefore "return to my point and say, that Mr. Webster has "good authority for his expression *captatores verborum*," and with one short extract more from what I have elsewhere published I close.

"I think I may take it for granted that the Latinity of the phrase *captatores verborum* is established. Whether it was applied by a contemporary Roman writer to the Alexandrine critics, is another question. I did not suppose Mr. Webster's language necessarily implied anything more than that they have been known in literary history under that denomination, and Henry Stephen's definition of the Logothetæ in Philo, proves that fact beyond a doubt. If he did mean to fix the date of the phrase precisely at that epoch, then possibly he may be chargeable with the error, if it be one, of substituting, in a popular document, for a contemporary Greek designation a Latin one, sanctioned by the high authority of Stephanus, about which there can also exist no doubt; just as Burke, in one of his speeches, quoted an old Doric saying mentioned in the letters of Cicero, 'Ξαίραυ δαχτες ραυραυ αδεγει,' substituting a Latin equivalent, *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*; and I believe Mr. Webster has, on some occasions, made use of the same sentence. This is the whole extent of the error, admitting the fact; but the fact cannot be proved, because so large a portion of the Latin writings of that period, especially the critical, grammatical, and rhetorical treatises, have perished."

Very truly yours,

CODEx ALEXANDRINUS.

REVIEWS.

The Mormons. A Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 26, 1850, by Thomas L. Kane. Second Edition. Philadelphia: King & Baird, Printers.

A PUNGENT, graphic vindication of the personal qualities of the Mormons, by one who has lived among them, known them in their hour of persecution, and experienced their virtues. The notices of the sect in this vivid discourse commence with the author's arrival at Nauvoo, immediately upon their expulsion in 1846. He found remaining on an unwholesome flat of the Mississippi, the last relics of the sick, weak, or decrepid, necessarily left behind,—all that was left, on the spot, of a population of twenty thousand persons, of the possessors in Missouri and Illinois of twenty millions of despoiled property. The Mormon fortunes are

traced from that day—on the prairie, in the wilderness, amid the hardships of winter, in the desolation of fever, in the camp, on the march, in acts of suffering, in heroism, in mutual self devotion until the exultation of the promised land. The Pilgrim Fathers of the East contend for a title which falls inevitably to these peers of the old Israelites, the Wanderers over the Wilderness of the West. They have been literally strangers and pilgrims, have had their cruel Pharaohs on waters sometimes compared with the Nile,—the Mississippi. They summoned their wives and children for escape, and like the nomades of the East, with their flocks and their tents, and their little ones, traversed the desert. Nerved by an enthusiasm which only religious faith can supply, they conquered every privation. The simplicity of their manners, their prudence, their industry, the enduring virtues of disaster, have proved the conquering ones of peace. The mountain-locked lakes of the Rocky Mountains, with the connecting Jordan, are their Palestine, where they sit down to build up in great prosperity their New Jerusalem. Should they bear wealth as they have borne persecution, they will remain the most extraordinary people on this continent. They are now in the first vigorous formative growth of a new nation developed by a living principle, and that principle is religious enthusiasm. Whatever wretched associations there may be connected with some of the forms and pretences identified with the early history of the Mormons, this principle is the sound leaven of their character. It is of the faith which "removes mountains."

We must not seek to identify always the principle with the accessories. The purest treasure of this kind, we are told, is committed to "earthen vessels." The charity which we allow to Heathendom, to Mussulmans, to sects nearer home, should cross the Mississippi. We tolerate communities of Shakers and respect their good deeds, honoring in them the motive; but the Mormons, with many of the peculiar virtues of the Shakers, appear certainly a far more liberal and enlightened body.

The basis of their system seems to be a healthy love of industry with a certain community of feeling. The individual is strengthened by the mass. The most profitable investment of labor is made by system and union. The order of their equipments on their long march secured the respect of the Indians, who preferred to attack less compact bodies. The captain over ten wagons obeyed a captain of fifty, who himself submitted to the ruler of a hundred or the High Council of the Church. At an encampment well ventilated squares and quadrangles were formed. The streets between the outer rows of wagons were shaded with arbor-work for the shelter of invalids and the town promenade after the cheerful persevering toil which ruled the day. The mechanical genius which this sect possesses, secured by the handicraftsmen of the Eastern States and England, was constantly employed. A road four hundred leagues in length has been laid out through the Indian territory, says Mr. Kane, "with substantial well-built bridges, fit for the passage of heavy artillery, over all the streams, except a few great rivers, where they have established permanent ferries." These labors were encountered with the holiday spirit of the voluntary toils of children. "Every day closed as every day began, with an invocation of the Divine parent. They had the sort of strong stomached faith that is still found embalmed in sheltered spots of Catholic Italy and Spain, with the spirit of the believing or Dark Ages." In sickness and perils they

were tried to the uttermost, but faith and charity bore them through.

Our author presents us with numerous characteristic anecdotes, in picturesque terms. This is his account of the consecration of the Nauvoo temple on the approach of the threatened exile:

THE TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.

"The Mormons outside Nauvoo were indeed hard pressed; but inside the city they maintained themselves very well for two or three months longer.

"Strange to say, the chief part of this respite was devoted to completing the structure of their quaintly devised but beautiful Temple. Since the dispersion of Jewry, probably, history affords us no parallel to the attachment of the Mormons for this edifice. Every architectural element, every most fantastic emblem it embodied, was associated, for them, with some cherished feature of their religion. Its erection had been enjoined upon them as a most sacred duty: they were proud of the honor it conferred upon their city, when it grew up in its splendor to become the chief object of the admiration of strangers upon the Upper Mississippi. Besides, they had built it as a labor of love; they could count up to half a million the value of their tithings and free-will offerings laid upon it. Hardly a Mormon woman had not given up to it some trinket or pin money. The poorest Mormon man had at least served the tenth part of his year on its walls; and the coarsest artisan could turn to it with something of the ennobling attachment of an artist for his fair creation. Therefore, though their enemies drove on them ruthlessly, they succeeded in parrying the last sword-thrust, till they had completed even the gilding of the angel and trumpet on the summit of its lofty spire. As a closing work, they placed on the entablature of the front, like a baptismal mark on the forehead—

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD: BUILT BY THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD!

"Then, at high noon, under the bright sunshine of May, the next only after its completion, they consecrated it to divine service. There was a carefully studied ceremonial for the occasion. It was said the high elders of the sect travelled furtively from the Camp of Israel in the Wilderness; and throwing off ingenious disguises, appeared in their own robes of holy office, to give it splendor.

"For that one day the Temple stood resplendent in all its typical glories of sun, moon, and stars, and other abounding figured and lettered signs, hieroglyphs, and symbols: but that day only. The sacred rites of consecration ended, the work of removing the sacrosancta proceeded with the rapidity of magic. It went on through the night; and when the morning of the next day dawned, all the ornaments and furniture, everything that could provoke a sneer, had been carried off; and except some fixtures that would not bear removal, the building was dismantled to the bare wall.

"It was this day saw the departure of the last elders, and the largest band that moved in one company together. The people of Iowa have told me, that from morning to night they passed westward like an endless procession. They did not seem greatly out of heart, they said; but, at the top of every hill, before they disappeared, were to be seen looking back, like banished Moors, on their abandoned home, and the far-seen Temple and its glittering spire."

A great agency in sustaining the emigrants was their band of music:

THE MORMON ORCHESTRA.

"Well as I knew the peculiar fondness of the Mormons for music, their orchestra in service on this occasion astonished me by its numbers and fine drill. The story was, that an eloquent Mormon missionary had converted its members in a body at an English town, a stronghold of the sect, and

that they took up their trumpets, trombones, drums, and hautboys, together, and followed him to America.

"When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their table-ware, jewellery, and almost every other fragment of metal wealth they possessed that was not iron, they had never a thought of giving up the instruments of this favorite band. And when the battalion was enlisted, though high inducements were offered some of the performers to accompany it, they all refused. Their fortunes went with the Camp of the Tabernacle. They had led the Farewell Service in the Nauvoo Temple. Their office was now to guide the monster choruses and Sunday hymns; and like the trumpets of silver made of a whole piece, 'for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps,' to knoll the people into church. Some of their wind instruments, indeed, were uncommonly full and pure toned, and in that clear dry air could be heard to a great distance. It had the strangest effect in the world to listen to their sweet music winding over the uninhabited country. Something in the style of a Moravian death-tune blown at day-break, but altogether unique. It might be when you were hunting a ford over the Great Platte, the dreariest of all wild rivers, perplexed among the far-reaching sand bars and curlew shallows of its shifting bed,—the wind rising would bring you the first faint thought of a melody; and, as you listened, borne down upon the gust that swept past you a cloud of the dry sifted sands, you recognised it—perhaps a home-loved theme of Henry Proch or Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, away there in the Indian Marches!"

We get another glimpse of this Band on the Anniversary of the Pioneers' arrival in the Valley of Deseret, commemorated the 24th July, 1849:—

"The Great Band was there too, that had helped their humble hymns through all the wanderings of the Wilderness. Through the many trying marches of 1846, through the fierce winter ordeal that followed, and the long journey after over plain and mountain, it had gone unbroken, without the loss of any of its members. As they set out from England, and as they set out from Illinois, so they all came into the valley together, and together sounded the first glad notes of triumph when the Salt Lake City was founded. It was their right to lead the psalm of praise. Anthem, song, and dance, all the innocent and thankful frolic of the day owed them its chief zest. 'They never were in finer key.'"

Of the feeling of community, stronger than the love of life which sometimes ruled the Mormon, we have this graphic anecdote:—

THE PURSUER OF THE CAMP.

"I remember a signal instance of this at the Papillon Camp.

"It was that of a joyous-hearted clever fellow, whose songs and fiddle tunes were the life and delight of Nauvoo in its merry days. I forget his story, and how exactly it fell about, that after a Mormon's full peek of troubles, he started after us with his wife and little ones from some 'lying down place' in the Indian country, where he had contended with an attack of a serious malady. He was just convalescent, and the fatigue of marching on foot again with a child on his back, speedily brought on a relapse. But his anxiety to reach a place where he could expect to meet friends with shelter and food, was such that he only pressed on the harder. Probably for more than a week of the dog-star weather, he labored on under a high fever, walking every day till he was entirely exhausted.

"His limbs failed him then; but his courage holding out, he got into his covered cart on top of its freight of baggage, and made them drive him on, while he lay down. They could hardly believe how ill he was, he talked on so cheerfully—'I'm nothing on earth ailing but home-sick: I'm cured the very minute I get to camp and see the brethren.'"

"Not being able thus to watch his course, he lost his way, and had to regain it through a wretched tract of Low Meadow Prairie, where there were no trees to break the noon, nor water but what was agree-sweet or brackish. By the time he got back to the trail of the High Prairie, he was, in his own phrase, 'pretty far gone.' Yet he was resolute in his purpose as ever, and to a party he fell in with, avowed his intention to be cured at the camp, 'and nowhere else.' He even jested with them, comparing his jolting couch to a summer cot in a whitewashed cockloft. 'But I'll make them take me down,' he said, 'and give me a dip in the river when I get there. All I care for is to see the brethren.'

"His determined bearing rallied the spirit of his travelling household, and they kept on their way till he was within a few hours' journey of the camp. He entered on his last day's journey with the energy of increased hope.

"I remember that day well. For in the evening I mounted a tired horse to go a short errand, and in mere pity had to turn back before I had walked him a couple of hundred yards. Nothing seemed to draw life from the languid air but the clouds of gnats and stinging midges; and long after sundown it was so hot that the sheep lay on their stomachs panting, and the cattle strove to lap wind like hard lagged hunting dogs. In camp, I had spent the day in watching the invalids and the rest hunting the shade under the wagon bodies, and veering about them, like the shadows round the sun-dial. I know I thought myself wretched enough, to be of their company.

"Poor Merryman had all that heat to bear, with the mere pretence of an awning to screen out the sun from his close muslin cockloft.

"He did not fail till somewhere hard upon noon. He then began to grow restless to know accurately the distance travelled. He made them give him water, too, much more frequently; and when they stopped for this purpose, asked a number of obscure questions. A little after this he discovered himself that a film had come over his eyes. He confessed that this was discouraging; but said with stubborn resignation, that if denied to see the brethren, he still should hear the sound of their voices.

"After this, which was when he was hardly three miles from our camp, he lay very quiet, as if husbanding his strength; but when he had made, as is thought, a full mile further, being interrogated by the woman that was driving, whether she should stop, he answered her, as she avers, 'No, no; go on!'

"The anecdote ends badly. They brought him in dead, I think about five o'clock of the afternoon. He had on his clean clothes; as he had dressed himself in the morning, looking forward to his arrival."

The Utah Chief, "Walker," is well pencilled:—

A GENTLEMAN INDIAN.

"If accounts are true, the Utahs are brave fellows. They differ obviously from the deceased nations, to whose estates we have taken it upon ourselves to administer. They ride strong, well-limbed Spanish horses, not ponies; bear well cut rifles, not shot-guns, across their saddle-bows; and are not without some idea of military discipline. They carry their forays far into the Mexican States, laying the inhabitants under contribution, and taking captive persons of condition, whom they hold to ransom. They are, as yet at least, little given to drink; some of them manifest considerable desire to acquire useful knowledge; and they are attached to their own infidel notions of religion, making long journeys to the ancient cities of the Colorado, to worship among the ruined temples there. The Soldan of these red Paynims, too, their great war chief, is not without his knightly graces. According to some of the Mormons, he is the paragon of Indians. His name, translated to diminish its excellence as an exercise in Prosody, is Walker. He is a fine figure of a man, in the prime of life. He excels in various

manly exercises, is a crack shot, a rough rider, and a great judge of horse flesh.

"He is besides very clever, in our sense of the word. He is a peculiarly eloquent master of the graceful alphabet of pantomime, which stranger tribes employ to communicate with one another. He has picked up some English, and is familiar with Spanish and several Indian tongues. He rather affects the fine gentleman. When it is his pleasure to extend his riding excursions into Mexico, to inflict or threaten outrage, or to receive the instalments of his black mail salary, he will take offence if the poor people there fail to kill their fattest beeves, and adopt other measures to show him obsequious and distinguished attention. He has more than one black-eyed mistress there, according to his own account, to whom he makes love in her own language. His dress is a full suit of the richest broadcloth, generally brown, cut in European fashion, with a shining beaver hat, and fine cambrie shirt. To these, he adds his own gaudy Indian trimmings, and in this way contrives, they say, to look superbly, when he rides at the head of his troop, whose richly caparisoned horses, with their embroidered saddles and harness, shine and tinkle as they prance under their weight of gay metal ornaments."

Such is Mr. Kane's picture of the modern exodus. It is followed by an enthusiastic account of "the most wonderful prosperity" of Deseret. We cannot pursue the unexampled detail. Its history lies before us in the daily newspapers, in every record of good deeds to the California emigrants. An appendix vindicates the Mormon character from idle slanders, and guarantees the good faith and principles of the present leaders, Governor Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Secretary Willard Richards.

Here are materials for study and reflection. In the rapid movement of the last few years, this Mormon problem has been overlooked; but it now rises before us demanding solution. It is a strange story of domestic manners, of religious fanaticism, of a want of the times to these Mormons, both social and religious; and, if we go back to the first period of its dismal persecutions and alleged corruptions in Illinois, a sad reckoning of frontier crimes and evils, over which civilization makes its pathway of glorious progress—and at what cost?

But at every stage of Mormon development we are deficient in information. The subject has attracted far too little attention. Passing before our eyes almost, we are less informed of this movement than of the foreign internal or international difficulties of European states, or of past events, which are comparatively matters of idle curiosity. Mr. Kane's address is an important contribution, and well calculated to stimulate inquiry; but enough remains to be done. To western rulers, and to the officers of our western army, we may look for an authentic, dispassionate review of the events which have passed before them. The sources of Mormon influence must be sought in the social history of England, and what is worthy in the system be sifted from the chicanery and corruptions, the miserable pretensions of the spiritual founders of this creed.

Astræa: the Balance of Illusions. A Poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, Aug. 14, 1850. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850.

If the general reputation of Dr. Holmes did not justify a notice of this, his last production, by its intrinsic merits, the author has taken pains to challenge attention in this quarter by a distinct and significant reference to the character and quality of New York criticism, in the following passage—

But Hudson's banks, with more congenial skies,
Felt the small creature to alarming size;
A gayer pattern wraps his flowery chest;
A sham more brilliant sparkles on his breast,
An eyeglass, hanging from a gilded chain,
Taps the white leg that tips his rakish cane;
Strings of new names, the glories of the age,
Hang up to dry on his exterior page,
Titanic pygmies, shining lights obscure,
His favored sheets have managed to secure,
Whose wide renown beyond their own abode
Extends for miles along the Harlem road;
New radiance lights his patronizing smile,
New airs distinguish his patrician air,
New sounds are mingled with his fatal hiss,
Offense, "provincial" and "metropolis."

He ery "provincial," with imperious brow!
The half-bred rogue, that groomed his mother's cow?
Fed on coarse tubers and Æolian beans
Till clownish manhood crept among his teens,
When, after washing and unhealed of pains
To lard with phrases his refractory brains,
A third rate college licked him to the shape,
Not of the scholar, but the scholar's ape?

With a few left-handed compliments to the "Bowery Boys" and the State Motto of "Excelsior," as if determined to bring the entire body of Manhattan claims to notice at once, he advances upon the commercial Metropolis, in further slaughterous verses:

The poorest hamlet on the mountain's side
Looks on her glories with a sister's pride;
When the first babes her fruitful ship yards wean,
Play round the breasts of Ocean's conquered queen,
The shout of millions, borne on every breeze,
Sweeps with EXCELSIOR o'er the enfranchised seas?

Yet not too rashly let her think to bind
Beneath her circlet all the nation's mind!
Our star-crowned mother, whose informing soul
Clings to no fragment, but pervades the whole,
Views with a smile the clerk of Maiden Lane,
Who takes her ventral ganglion for her brain!
No fables tell us of Minerva's horn
From bags of cotton or from sacks of corn;
The halls of Leyden science used to cram,
While dulness snored in purse-proud Amsterdam.

But those old burghers had a foggy clime,
And better luck may come the second time;
What though some charls of doubtful sense declare
That poison lurks in her commercial air,
Her buds of genius dying premature,
From some malaria draining cannot cure;
Nay, that so dangerous is her golden soil,
Whate'er she borrow, she contrives to spoil;
That drooping minstrels in a few brief years
Lose their sweet voice, the gift of other spheres;
That wafted singing from their native shore,
They touch the Battery, and are heard no more;—
By those twinned waves that wear the varied gleams
Reryl or sapphire mingles in their streams,
Till the fair sisters o'er her yellow sands,
Clasping their soft and snowy ruffled hands,
Lay on her footstool with their silver keys
Strength from the mountains, freedom from the seas,—
Some future day may see her rise sublime
Above her counters,—only give her time!

When our first Soldiers' swords of honor glid
The stately mansions that her tradesmen build;
When our first Statesmen take the Broadway track,
Our first Historians following at their back;
When our first Printers, dying, leave behind
On her proud walls the shadows of their mind;
When our first Poets flock from farthest scenes
To take in hand her pictured Magazines;
When our first Scholars are content to dwell
Where their own Printers teach them how to spell;
When world-known Science crowds towards her gates,
Then shall the children of our hundred States
Hail her a true METROPOLIS of men,
The nation's centre. Then, and not till then!

Now, we are not a little apprehensive that if we subject "Astræa" to such an examination as our humble New York culture of criticism and belles lettres empowers us, Dr. Holmes would enter upon the preparation of his next College Poem (if fate and a Committee should summon him again to that familiar and often-repeated duty) in a spirit even less tolerant of our many infirmities. To the perfect accomplishment of this little undertaking we should not deem it necessary, in a spirit of wholesale censure, to pronounce this poem,—as has the accomplished critic of that influential journal, in the Doctor's own neighborhood, the *Boston Post*,—a failure; nor to deny to the author the possession of talents of a first-rate kind, in their way, which have been more than once heretofore profitably employed for our entertainment. "Astræa" is not a failure; and is

only so thought of because it is not unlike, but too like, the previous compositions of the author. Dr. Holmes, it should be remembered, is an artificial writer, and produces each work by the self-same process, so that, poem by poem, they are turned out like so many bullets from an unchanging mould. They are hard castings, and not organic growths; they cannot, therefore, be expected to differ greatly one from the other. For ourselves, we can discover no essential differences between this *College Poem* at Yale, and the one delivered at Harvard something like fifteen or twenty years ago. *Astræa* is, therefore, to be taken as a fair average specimen of the Doctor's manufacture, and the passages we have quoted are equally fair average samples of "*Astræa*" itself: and what do we find to be their prevailing characteristics? A certain verbal nicety, clearness, and precision; epigram and antithesis, sometimes genuine, at others superficial and apparent only; occasional force of expression, freedom from transcendental or ideal views of objects, at the same time a strongly conventional tone; a range of illustration somewhat limited, and, naturally enough, mainly relying on the Doctor's own profession for its chief metaphor and simile: and again, not infrequently descents, in pursuit of a victim, into the unquestionable abyss of the bathetic. In illustration of these peculiarities, in the very passages quoted, we would ask the Doctor whether he really regards it as a gentlemanly or well-put objection that the critic, whoever he may be, "groomed his mother's cow," and "fed" in his tender youth "on coarse tubers and *Æolian beans*?" Pythagoras, we acknowledge, like Dr. Holmes, had a mortal antipathy to beans as an article of scholarly and philosophic diet: but the cow is mythologic and respectable; and as for colleges, where no better is to be had, a "third-rate" one is quite as much as could be demanded. We suppose there are persons who might be disposed to regard, and in no spirit of disparagement, the common schools of New England in that very light. We feel obliged to the Doctor for the handsome acknowledgments (somewhat wrapped in a highly-embroidered overcoat of beryl and sapphire) he makes in our behalf; whatever confidence they may inspire us with in his poetic ingenuity, if we are to judge his capabilities in that sphere by the succeeding statement, we are not disposed to accept the Doctor as our honest chronicler. If General Scott, whose gallant form has risen daily on our vision in the streets of Manhattan, be not our "first soldier," who is? General Scott is a resident of New York. If Mr. Bancroft is not our "first historian," who is? Mr. Bancroft is a resident of New York. If William Page is not our "first painter," who is? Page is a resident of New York. If Mr. Bryant is not our "first poet"—who is? Mr. Bryant is a resident of New York. If Drs. Robinson and Anthon are not our "first scholars"—who are? These gentlemen are residents of New York. If Morse is not a "man of science"—who is? Professor Morse is a resident of New York. Peter Parley himself has deserted Boston Common for "the Broadway track." Doctor—Doctor, we are afraid you hadn't a copy of the New York Directory by you when you penned these twelve unhappy verses. You should have made the acquaintance of Doggett, Doctor, before entering on the preparation of your Yale Poem. We certainly have no disposition, in the spirit of the unseemly puffery of the day, to advertise your qualifications as a Professor of Physiology, under cover of a notice of a

College Poem—but the public must pardon us a reference to the abundant *Pharmacopœia*, which can furnish us in the brief compass of a short poem like this—with "ganglions," "nerves," "grim chirurgions," "currents," "cords," "pallors," "fibres," "legs," "hearts," "virile lungs," "cripples," "galls," "fluxes," "lax knees and hips," "cachectics," "posteriors," "exuviae," "poisons," "malarias," "mammals," "blacks and blues," "diets," "chills," "eye-balls," "larvæ," "births," "expirations," and "stranglings," in such astonishing plenitude and profusion, as to make "*Astræa*" almost seem like Buchan ingeniously clapped into verse.

But Dr. Holmes has amused us too often and too well to allow us to part company with him at this time, with even the appearance of a momentary estrangement. We must, therefore, balance our account, by calling the reader's attention, as we most cheerfully do, to two or three passages in which he figures to decided advantage. As evidence of the elegant spirit, a nice and dainty drawing-room view, with which our poet touches on Nature—take his hot-pressed account of the opening delicacies of Spring. And on the other hand, in demonstration of his facility in the satirical line, where will you find a truth more pointedly presented than in this cabinet sketch?—

The Moral Bully, though he never swears,
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
Though meekness plants his backward sloping hat,
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,
Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen
In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine,
Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast,
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,
Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear,
That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,
Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,
When his long awivel rakes the staggering wreck!

We are glad that Dr. Holmes places these two well executed passages in "*Astræa*," for it allows us to take leave of him in a friendly spirit of good will and admiration of his talents; to wish for the pleasure of soon meeting him again: and to sincerely entertain the belief that now that he has fairly swept out of the way the hideous bugbear of New York criticism, he will approach any new undertaking in a spirit free of apprehension, no care upon his poetic soul, and nothing to do but to furnish us from his well-charged store, a further supply of those tidbits and delicacies of verse, of which he is perhaps the most successful confectioner in the country.

Annals of the Queens of Spain. By Anita George. Vol. II. Baker & Scribner.

THE second volume of Mrs. Anita George's work contains but a single biography. This space, however, is not disproportioned to that occupied by her heroines of the previous volume, the subject being Isabella of Castile.

The historian, in emerging on a brilliant period of history, while he has cause to congratulate himself on having a subject which, in itself, will furnish all needful inspiration to his pen, has, at the same time, the depressing reflection that the labors of previous workmen have made the path smooth, and that here he can be no pioneer; that he must bear comparison of his work with those of others, not only on his or their general merits, but on the special treatment of particular scenes and characters. He feels like a young actor first essaying Hamlet.

Mrs. George, however, in entering on this aforesaid highway, and in the steps of Irving

and Prescott, takes a decided and original stand, by stating that far from regarding Isabel as the well-nigh faultless woman she has heretofore been considered, she regards her as, in many and vital points of character, culpable.

Historic fame partakes of the transitory nature of all other earthly things, and recent historians seem bent on making the remark of universal application. The demigods of the temple of Fame, who have held undisturbed possession of their niches for many an age, are rudely hustled out by the inexorable force of the newly discovered facts of recent investigators, or the new light shed on old established facts by a new set of theorizers. Thus Good Queen Bess, after having her "golden days" sung for two or three centuries, is now regarded as no better than she should be; King Charles the Martyr is regarded as a doubtful subject for canonization; Louis XIV. of France, le Grand Monarque of a century, is thought a great wind-bag; and now a heretofore great historical favorite, Queen Isabella the Catholic, comes in for her share of rough handling.

The great mistake of Isabel's life was, undoubtedly, her sanction of the Inquisition. Her course is usually ascribed to the influence of her religious advisers getting the better of her naturally humane disposition. We cannot give a better idea of Mrs. George's view of Isabel's character, than by quoting her remarks on this, the test-act of the Queen's life:—

"Many motives have been adduced to extenuate the course pursued on this occasion by Isabel. The ancient national historians, with the servile complaisance which fear extorted, assert that the alarming increase of heresy rendered this execrable measure necessary, while foreigners endeavor to see in its adoption a political motive; but we must look into the character of Isabel for the solution of the mystery. Wherever her own authority, power, and prerogatives were concerned, we find her displaying the most persevering and undaunted spirit; and had she brought the same firmness to bear against the proposal for the establishment of this iniquitous court of inquiry, that she manifested in opposing the encroachments on her rights attempted by the pope, no writer would have needed to excuse her on the ground that she was persuaded into it against her own inclinations. Necessity alone could momentarily bend the strong will of Isabel. It spurned all curb, even that of affection, and trampled ruthlessly on all that dared oppose it. * * * The intellect of Isabel was strong, her will firm, her judgment accurate, but these excellent points were counterbalanced by her excessive bigotry. Yet we never find her religious scruples interfere with her own interest, and though she sacrificed unborn generations to her blind idolatry, even this was made subservient to her love of power. To preserve the prerogatives of her marriage contract that secured to her the right of nominating to all ecclesiastical preferments, and which Sixtus IV., in the year 1483, attempted to infringe, she boldly incurred the risk of displeasing the pontiff, and even defied his power. Yet the instances of her humility and submission towards her spiritual directors are numerous, and quoted with great complaisance by the Spanish writers, who are extravagant in their praises of her excessive gentleness, piety, and meekness. * * * It has been said that Isabel was not to blame for the fanaticism she exhibited, as this zeal was inherent in the nature of the Spaniards, and had been their greatest incentive to action, enabling them to wrest their country piecemeal from the Moors, and that her error was a consequence of the age of ignorance and superstition in which she lived. But the very authors who thus palliate this act, also laud Isabel as

being far in advance of her age, while they under-rate the age itself, and the Spaniards themselves. True, an ardent devotion had been a great spur to their native valor; and the three principal articles of their religious and moral code, love of God, of their country, and of their sovereign, were so blended and interwoven as to be what the French republic once denominated herself, 'une et indivisible'; but time had greatly modified the feelings of hatred with which they had once regarded those of a different creed. There was then a far greater degree of liberality in religious points than has since existed in Spain, and the intolerance of Isabel herself caused the nation to retrograde.

"To Torquemada, therefore, is not to be imputed all the blame of the inquisition, although he did all in his power towards its establishment. Whatever horror the cruelty he manifested may inspire, we cannot refuse him the credit of having been conscientious in the perpetration of his deeds of blood. Bacon says justly, that 'atheism leaves to man reason, philosophy, natural piety, laws, reputation, and everything that can serve to conduct him to virtue; but superstition destroys all these, and erects itself into a tyranny over the understandings of men'; thus this man, while urging his queen to a course that was to give the names of both to the execration of posterity, would, had he been called upon for such a proof of his blind, mad zeal, as readily have given himself to the flames as he doomed others to them. With his mistress, it was probably different; and while she acted on religious impulse, she also satisfied the political one, that prompted her to prepare for the execution of the vengeance she meditated on the King of Granada."

She also draws a disparaging inference to Isabella's character, from her course as regards her husband on her accession to the Throne:

"A circumstance, trivial in itself, but most important in its bearings, as revealing something of the character of Isabel, occurred at this crisis. Three days after the king's death, a messenger reached Barcelona with letters from the Archbishop of Toledo to the prince, apprising him of the event that had taken place, and strenuously urging his speedy return. The missive, written immediately after the king had expired, was dated Alcala de Henares, Dec. 12, and subscribed to the most high and mighty prince, king, and lord, my liege, the sovereign of Castile, Leon, and Sicily, prince of Aragon. Three days after the arrival of the archbishop's messenger, there came one from Isabel to Ferdinand, containing the same intelligence, but in no way urging his return. The tone of the last letter was commented on by those surrounding the prince, and ascribed to the advisers of Isabel, who were endeavoring to exclude her husband from any participation of power."

The historian has the husband on her side, in this matter, as appears from the evidence of the following note:

"Ferdinand was exceedingly displeased that Isabel should have taken this step, and on his departure from Saragossa made the following remark to Palencia:—'Alfonso, thy learning far exceeds mine; tell me, didst ever read in thy histories of any woman acting as the queen has? She writes to her husband to return at his leisure, and in his absence causes herself to be proclaimed with pomp and ceremony!'"

It certainly displays the "strong-minded woman" in a manner not likely to please marital taste.

The old story of our school books, that Isabella pawned her jewels to raise funds to equip Columbus, is also thrown into doubt by the circumstance that the aforesaid jewels were already in pawn.

"In the archives of Salamanca are still to be seen the deeds relative to the ransom of the jewels mortgaged in Valencia (at the time of the siege of

Baza), by which it appears that that city had loaned to the queen 60,000 florins, of which 25,000 were loaned on the queen's crown, and 20,000 on her rich necklace of rubies. In the year 1495 a fourth part of the debt was still due."

Monarchs in old times seem to have had little delicacy about the process for raising the wind, which individuals nowadays, in like pecuniary straits, adumbrate under the affectionate title of "my uncle," or the decidedly figurative phrase, "up the spout."

To many good points in Isabella's character, Mrs. George does full justice. She also sketches, in a bold and animated manner, the many striking and animated scenes of this great reign,—so clouded in its opening, so glorious in its close,—which witnessed the consolidation of a great people, the overthrow and crushing of a nation, and the discovery of a world: the triumph of bigotry and tyranny, and the opening of a field too vast for aught save the sway of toleration and liberty.

The Life of Silas Talbot, a Commodore in the Navy of the United States. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: J. C. Riker.

COMMODORE TALBOT, of Rhode Island, is one of those brave revolutionary officers to whom historical justice has not been rendered heretofore, chiefly on account of the difficulty of obtaining the necessary materials. He was remarkably successful in protecting the New England coast, and indeed the whole range from Nantucket to Long Island; and several of his achievements are among the most bold and skilful in the history of the war. These partook of an adventurous personal character, the greatness of the end accomplished being in direct proportion to the seeming inadequacy of the means. Judged by the men and materials employed, the exploits of the American war, both on sea and land, would frequently appear hardly worth a place in history; but these small parties and little incidents become of immense importance when looked back upon by the light of their brilliant results. There were some elements common to them all, invincible courage and great dexterity in resources. In this respect the American war assumes an Homeric interest, so frequently are its annals occupied with private and personal deeds of adventure. We are constantly withdrawn from the consideration of state policy, and the movements of that irregular body, the army, to the partisan and individual warfare springing up on every hand. Every man seemed to have his scheme for the enemy, and a right hand to execute it. Commodore Talbot is a specimen of this class. His country gave him little but a title. He fought under no general orders; but at the moment, and on the spot, where his services were needed, he brought the fertile expedients of a genius ready to create the needful resources. With an equipment which a modern officer would hardly think adequate to a fishing excursion, he attacked the vessels of the enemy, and generally captured them. His personal prowess was as desperate as that of Paul Jones. He was thirteen times wounded, and carried five balls in his body.

One of his most useful acts was the relief of the blockade of Newport in the capture of the Pigot. It is thus narrated by Mr. Tuckerman.

"On the first appearance of the French fleet off Newport, the British, then in possession of the town, sank a frigate called the Flora, and burned several other vessels of war, to prevent their being taken by the enemy. In consummating this revengeful policy, however, with the usual short-

sightedness of mere calculators, they secured a free entrance to the colonists to both the island passages. Their great expedient now, to dishearten both the continental army and the people, was to interrupt all communication with the main, and thus cut off their supplies. Having deprived themselves of the readiest means to effect this purpose, by the voluntary destruction of so many of their ships, there remained no alternative but to blockade the two points of egress. In order effectually to close up what is called the East passage, they converted a fine stout vessel of about two hundred tons into a galley, removing her upper deck, and placing on her lower, twelve eight-pounders that belonged to the Flora, besides ten swivels. Strong boarding netting was attached: she was manned with a crew of forty-five, under Lieutenant Dunlap, of his Majesty's Navy, and named in honor of his commander, the Pigot. Moored at the mouth of the Secoquet river, she completely barred its entrance, and for a long period had kept a sullen and undisturbed watch, greatly to the detriment of the island and the army. Deficient as were the Americans in maritime force, at this period and in that region, they suffered the consequences of this grievous interference with their rights and comfort, without the hope of its removal, except through some happy turn in the general issues of the struggle. The bitter and ineffectual complaints of his unfortunate townsmen daily reached the ears of Major Talbot. We have already seen that he was a man of genuine sympathies and indomitable enterprise. His noble heart secretly bled to witness the suffering of his patriotic countrymen; his pride was wounded at the insolent success of the enemy; and his just indignation excited at the wrongs incurred for no crime but that of ardent loyalty to freedom. Not only did the galley, in her effective position, exclude provisions and reinforcements from that section of the colony, but it entirely broke up the local trade. Major Talbot brooded over schemes for her destruction, but they were baffled by the inadequacy of the means at hand; his projects, too, were coldly received by General Sullivan, who regarded them as impracticable. At length he proposed to that brave though cautious officer, to assume the responsibility and expense of the attempt himself, with some indispensable assistance and the needful sanction of his commander. Still viewing the scheme as visionary, but reluctant to wound the feelings of so devoted an officer as his persevering ally, General Sullivan consented, and promised a draft of men. With his usual alacrity and self-possession, the now delighted Major instantly began an examination of the shipping at Providence, in order to select a craft adapted to his purpose. He at length made choice of a coasting sloop called the Hawk, and, in two days, equipped her with two three-pounders, and sixty men from the various regiments then quartered in the town. After setting sail, in consequence of the failure of the wind, he was obliged to anchor within eight miles of port, and remain during the night and all the succeeding day. Such is the singular distribution of land and water, as a glance at the map will indicate, that in order to reach the galley, it was indispensable for him not only to double the north end of the island, but to pass two of the enemy's forts, one at Bristol ferry, on the west side of the river, and the other at Fogland's ferry, on the east; the width of the stream at these points being three quarters of a mile. Not until the ensuing night did the wind become favorable, when they again started. On approaching the fort at Bristol ferry, they kept as near as possible to the opposite shore; but, notwithstanding every precaution was observed to secure concealment, the Hawk was discovered and fired upon; fortunately, however, she received no injury, ran up Taunton river seven miles, and anchored near the shore, on the west side of Mount Hope bay. Although now within fifteen miles of the galley, it was impossible for her to pass the other fort in safety until the wind again shifted. The next morning, therefore, Major Talbot, leaving the Hawk in charge of Lieutenant Baker, proceeded in his boat to the eastern shore

determined to improve the interval by a reconnoitring expedition, thus gaining intelligence essential to the judicious conduct of their enterprise, and, at the same time, soothing his impatience at the unanticipated delay. He, therefore, procured a horse, and rode down the shore until directly opposite the galley.

"We can easily imagine the feelings with which he gazed upon the object of this bold expedition. It was one of those calm, cloudless days in October, so enchanting in that region—now the favorite summer resort of citizens from every part of the land. At that season, the heavens and the atmosphere, the very tint of the water and touch of the breeze, remind one of Venice and Rome. The invigorating air and the lucid hues around, excite either imaginative or chivalric sentiment; and barren as the landscape is of either picturesque or sublime features, the charms to which we allude make it then seem a fit home for poets and heroes. As Major Talbot inspected with his resolved but experienced glance the equipments of the Pigot, he perceived that he had undertaken to confront a foe 'armed at all points.' The aspect of the galley was, indeed, that of a complete floating battery. The men were distinctly visible on deck, in the orderly array suggestive of exact discipline. The nettings were not only high, but carried entirely round. The only result of his observations, however, was to confirm his resolve to attack her without delay; but he deemed it advisable to apply to General Cornell for a reinforcement of fifteen men and another officer. Accordingly, Lieutenant Helm, of Rhode Island, and the desired additional crew, were on board the Hawk before nine o'clock the same evening. As if to encourage their purpose, at that very hour the wind became favorable, and they weighed anchor. Major Talbot, like all successful leaders, had that power over others which is only the instinctive recognition of natural aristocracy. To many of the men now enlisted, at his instance, to achieve an important but most hazardous exploit, his prowess, reliability, attachment to the American cause, and sufferings in its behalf, were familiar. When, therefore, he summoned them around him, and revealed the object of the expedition, urging the necessity of the utmost coolness and promptitude, and intimating the prospect both of reward and honor, there was an immediate and unanimous response. As the sloop dropped silently down the river, they lashed a kedge-anchor to the jib-boom, to tear and at the same time grapple with the nettings of the Pigot. They drifted by the Fogland fort under bare poles, without being discovered, although they saw the sentinel each time he passed the barrack light. This was a most auspicious circumstance, for one shot would have given an alarm to the galley. All hands being ready for action, they again hoisted sail; but, fearing they should run astray of their object in the darkness, soon cast anchor once more, lowered a boat, and went in search of her with muffled oars. They had proceeded but a few rods, when her sombre form was seen rising in the gloom; they noted how she rode with the wind and tide, returned to the Hawk, and directed her course accordingly. Being soon perceived by the watch on the deck of the galley, they were repeatedly hailed, but made no answer; when nearly alongside, a volley of musketry was discharged at them; but before the Pigot could fire one gun, the jib-boom of the Hawk had torn its way through the nettings, and grappled the fore-shrouds; while their salute had been amply returned, and Lieutenant Helm, followed by his detachment, mounted the deck, sword in hand. With shouts the crew of the Hawk drove every man into the hold of the galley, except the commander, who fought desperately in his shirt and drawers, until convinced that resistance was useless. When informed, however, that he was vanquished by a little sloop, he wept over his inevitable disgrace, and Major Talbot in vain offered him the condolence which, as a generous victor, he felt at his mortification. This brilliant *coup-de-main* was effected without the loss of a man

on either side. The triumphant party weighed the anchors of the long execrated galley, coiled her cables over the gratings to keep their captives safe, made sail, and arrived the next day at Stonington, Ct., where they landed the prisoners, and marched them in triumph to Providence."

In addition to the many novel and interesting personal incidents connected with the life of Talbot, this well written biography contains frequent notices of public events, and valuable original letters from Washington, La Fayette, Jay, Adams, Monroe, and Toussaint L'Ouverture.

The success of Mr. Tuckerman in handling with clearness, conciseness, and a certain good taste not always inseparable from narrations of this class, the life of this revolutionary worthy, we trust may encourage him to further efforts in this department. There is an abundant field in American biography which he might occupy with pleasure and profit to the public.

A Treatise on the Law of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. By Murray Hoffman, Esq. New York: Stanford and Swords. 1850.

EVENTS of late years have rendered a work of this kind very necessary in the Episcopal Church, and here we have it executed with distinguished ability. Mr. Hoffman adds to the usual requisites for an excellent lawyer, an accurate acquaintance with the past history and legal enactments of the church of which he is an ardent member. His work will, it would seem of course, find a place in the library of every clergyman, and of every studious layman who is called to legislate for the Episcopal Church.

The statute law of the Church may be said to be comprised in the Constitutions and Canons of the General Convention and of the particular Dioceses, in the rubrics of the Prayer Book, and in the civil laws of the States affecting the Churches and their members. But this will leave many cases unprovided for; and so, back of this, the author asserts authority for the ecclesiastical law of England, with certain necessary modifications—that law strictly so called, as distinguished from what in that kingdom is known as the Foreign Canon Law. Of this last position the author's introduction is an able vindication.

The authority for this position depends upon the organic continuity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States with the Church of England, and through that with the Primitive Church—a principle which is vital and nearly uniformly held in the Episcopal Church, as contradistinguished from the Congregational theory. The author shows conclusively that the Church in the colonies was considered identical with the Church of England; and that after the revolution, its clergy and laity still held themselves bound by the law of that Church, except when contradicted by special legislation, or local necessity and propriety. The nature and degree of authority of this ecclesiastical common law is there exhibited, and the final result, which is the fundamental principle of the work, is shown in the following propositions.

1. The English Canon law governs, unless it is inconsistent with, or superseded by a positive institution of our own.
2. Unless it is at variance with any civil law or doctrine of the State, either recognised by the Church or not opposed to her principles.
3. Unless it is inconsistent with, or inapplicable to the position in which the Church in these States is placed.

Upon this superstructure the work is built, and the laws of the Church drawn forth for a multitude of actual and conceivable cases.

It must of course be desirable that the General Convention should provide as soon as possible by special enactment for all these cases; but meanwhile the custom or common law of the church must be held binding, or a door is opened to the widest liberty. A parallel maxim is received by all States, and it would seem to be of equal force in the Church, if not of greater force, as much of that ecclesiastical common law is held to be more binding upon the conscience, as possibly of very ancient and apostolic origin. We can see little strength in any opposing arguments, unless the theory of the organic continuity of the Church be abandoned.

The Closing Scene: or Christianity and Infidelity contrasted in the Lives of Remarkable Persons.—By the Rev. Erskine Neale. Philadelphia: R. E. Peterson.

ALTHOUGH it is universally admitted by members of the clerical and medical professions that a composed death-bed is, on the one hand, not unfrequently granted to those, the tenor of whose lives would lead us to suppose that their last hours would be troubled by sad fears of the inevitable hereafter, and on the other denied to those whose lives have been a constant strife after holiness; yet there are instances enough on record to prove, as we might reasonably expect, and as the Scriptures directly teach us, that the death of the righteous is far different, even as regards this world, from that of the wicked. Some of the most striking of these incidents are given in the present volume, embracing individuals representative of almost every class in life. The author has remembered that the "closing scene" of Life's Drama requires for its comprehension a knowledge of the acts which preceded it, and has consequently given a brief biography of each person mentioned. Some of these, as Blanco White and John Foster, have not to our knowledge been heretofore presented in this popular manner; and some others, bright examples of benevolence and piety in humbler and quieter paths of life, we have here met for the first time. The reader will be benefited by their acquaintance.

The biographies are fairly and impartially written as regards matter, and agreeably and impressively as regards manner. It is eminently adapted for a Sunday book for general readers.

Short Family Prayers for every Morning and Evening of the Week, and for Particular Occasions. By Jonathan M. Wainwright, D.D. New York: Stanford & Swords. 1850.

THE peculiarity of this elegantly printed manual of family prayers is expressed in the first word of the title, it being adapted, in the words of the preface, to those occasions "when it is expedient to abbreviate the usual morning or evening exercise by shortening the portion of scripture to be read, or by omitting a part of the customary prayers." For ordinary purposes of family worship these morning and evening prayers are *too short*. Besides, if liturgical worship be adopted in families, there seems to us no occasion for this variety of ordinary prayers, wherein the same supplications are made day by day in different words. A liturgy should be a form which comprises all supplications which should be daily made, and the words if good, lose nothing, but rather gain by frequent repetition. Prayers for

particular occasions, and suited to particular days, may of course be introduced. The chief excellence of the manual before us is in the occasional prayers, which are less original, and more in the words of the old liturgies. Good prayers are the most difficult of all compositions, as any one may convince himself by trying to write them, and then contrasting what he shall produce with the majestic and comprehensive words of the Anglican Liturgy. Still no one should be discouraged thereby, for men living in a high realm of devotion may now produce prayers worthy of contrast with the best of olden time. But such are not frequent.

The Star of the Wise Men: Being a Commentary on the second chapter of St. Matthew. By Richard Chevenix French, B.D. Philadelphia: H. Hooker. 1850.

THIS, a duodecimo of a hundred pages, is by the author of the works upon the Parables and Miracles, recently republished by the Messrs. Appleton, books which are the best upon their subjects, full of subtle and accurate criticism, and written in most beautiful style, displaying learning enough for scholars, and yet interesting and delightful for common readers. The present treatise is complete in itself, being an examination of all questions connected with the Epiphany of our Lord, and possesses all the distinctive merits of the above works. Seldom has exegetical writing been conducted in a more entertaining way than by Mr. French. Speaking of the accusation that the slaughter of the infants of Bethlehem was a "weak device," the author says (what is not inapplicable to a recent event):—

"And even if this was such a weak device, and one sure to fail, is not this the very character of wickedness, that it makes the most inexpressible oversights? Does not this psychological fact repeat itself evermore in the world's history, that its cunning fails at the critical moment when there was most need that it should stand? There are some, indeed, who will never make allowance for the wicked acting blindly. They do not at heart believe that which Origen says on this very conduct of King Herod, that wickedness, in its very nature, is something blind. Let who can read the history of great criminals without meeting there the most striking confirmation of this fact—devices woven in great measure with the most wondrous skill and foresight, and yet failing, and grossly failing, in some single point, omitting some most obvious precaution? There is something which they have not taken into calculation. They have worked their sum with only the leaving out of one factor; yet that one sufficient to disturb the whole result; for that one is God; even He who 'taketh the wise in their own craftiness;' who 'turneth the way of the ungodly upside down.'"

A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament. By Edward Robinson, D.D. A new edition, revised and in great part rewritten. Harper & Brothers.

DR. ROBINSON modestly claims for this work the rank of "an unpretending memorial of the progress and condition of the Interpretation and Lexicography of the New Testament, at the close of the first half of the nineteenth century." This is fairly stated, and it implies a great deal when uttered by the learned editor. The due understanding among scholars of the Greek of the New Testament requires not merely its demands of special learning, but a critical tact and acumen to be derived only from the widest philosophical study of language, historical and logical. It is not only a peculiar phase of Greek, which is to be handled, but a dialect informed and developed by the introduction of new ideas

before unexpressed in the language. In the words of Dr. Robinson's compact and clearly stated preface:—

"The language of the New Testament is the later Greek language, as spoken by foreigners of the Hebrew stock, and applied by them to subjects on which it had never been employed by native Greek writers. * * * The Jews came in contact with the Greeks only at and after the Macedonian conquests; and were, therefore, conversant only with the later Greek. They learned it from the intercourse of life, in commerce, in colonies, in cities founded like Alexandria, where the inhabitants were drawn together from Asia as well as from Greece; and it was therefore the spoken language of common life, and not that of books, with which they became acquainted. But they spoke it as foreigners, as Hebrews. * * * It follows from all these considerations, that in constructing a Lexicon of the New Testament, it should be a matter of prominent importance, to exhibit each word in its true character and relations, as a component part of the Greek tongue; as compared, on the one hand, with the Hellenistic idiom, and, on the other, with the usage of classical Greek writers. It is just here that Wahl perhaps has erred in having reference too exclusively to the latter; and Bretschneider, in drawing his illustrations mainly from the former. In the present work I have endeavored to pursue a middle course, and present a comparison with both; giving, when possible, one or more references to the Septuagint, or, where that fails, to Josephus; at least one (and often more) to the later Greek writers; and one to the Attic, as represented by Xenophon, Plato, or Thucydides."

The detail of this work is carried out with conscientious labor and true scholarly feeling. The primary etymological interpretations are given with directness and force; the secondary meanings logically deduced with great exactness; peculiar grammatical constructions and forms of words fully explained; references to the text given to the extent of nearly a complete Concordance. The geographical and archaeological portions are a distinct feature of the book in the hands of the author of the "Biblical Researches in Palestine."

An Explanation and History of the Book of Common Prayer. To which are added, the Articles of Religion, as established by the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, in Convention, September 12, 1801. New York: Stanford & Swords. 1850.

THIS is a small book, and very convenient for popular use in the American Episcopal Church; being taken from a work published in England with a new edition of the Book of Common Prayer; and accommodated to the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church in America. It avails itself of the labors of Wheatly, Nichols, Comber, Home, and Wills, and contains most of the important results of their treatises. In this compilation much discretion and a sound judgment are evinced. We think the work merits a wide circulation among the members of the Church for which it is intended, especially those not possessing the larger work of Bishop Brownell on the same subject.

The Churches and Sects of the United States. By Rev. P. Douglass Gorrie. Lewis, Colby.

A BRIEF manual, with much conveniently arranged information on the origin, history, government, mode of worship, &c., of the different religious denominations in the United States, which here number *forty-seven*. The facts have been collected from Rapp's History of Religious Denominations, Evans' and Goodrich's Histories, and other larger works.

The Knowledge of Jesus the most excellent of the Sciences. By Alexander Carson, LL.D. New York: Edward H. Fletcher, 141 Nassau street. 1850.

THIS is an intensely dogmatical polemic in favor of orthodox Calvinism; and although written with much liveliness and vigor of style, and very forcibly defending some theological truths, yet it does not contain a scientific and dispassionate presentation of the points of the system which it advocates, or of the arguments for and against them. We cannot, therefore, accord it any theological value, or recommend it as a book useful to study in the pursuit after truth, however pleasing it may be, and however able it may seem to those whose radical theology is the same.

Practical Religion Exemplified, by Letters and Passages from the Life of the late Rev. Robert Anderson, Perpetual Curate of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the Hon. Mrs. Anderson. From the fifth London edition. Philadelphia: H. Hooker. New York: Stanford & Swords. 1850.

THIS is a record of passages in the life of an excellent and devoted clergyman, showing how beautifully the pastoral relation may be realized, and exhibiting his method of doing good to old and young. As such it is pleasant and profitable reading, and many useful hints may be gleaned from it as to the religious education of children.

A Pronouncing German Reader; to which is added, a Method of learning to read and understand the German Language with or without a Teacher. By James C. Oehlschlager. Appleton & Co.

THE object of this introductory manual is to facilitate by an interlinear pronunciation in the English character, the reading of German in the absence of a teacher, and to supply a series of easy selections to be translated at the commencement of the study. A full dictionary of the words employed is added, which serves the purpose of a translation while taxing the memory. The grammatical construction is supplied by Ollendorff, or any good grammar. The book is a very convenient one for students, especially those who are out of the way of a native teacher, and who would acquire the language with the least trouble.

Stories about Birds, with Pictures to match, is a neat volume published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., from the pen of Francis C. Woodworth, an accomplished writer in the production of fables, tales of animals, and other lore of youthful minds. He has here taken hold of a popular department of juvenile reading, and treated some of its most popular objects in an engaging manner. The best naturalists are not forgotten in his choice of narratives.

HINDOO LITERATURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

IT may not be so well known to some of your readers, that the "Rig Veda Sanhita: a Collection of Ancient Hindu Hymns, constituting the First Ashtaka or Book of the Rig Veda, translated by H. H. Wilson, M.A.," in your "List of Books published in England from the 14th to the 29th of August," is a translation of an invaluable work issued some months ago from the University press at Oxford, the fruit of the successful studies of Dr. Max Müller, a son of the German poet, Wilhelm Müller. Dr. Müller has devoted his leisure, during the last eight years, to the study of the Rigvedas, a collection of hymns

whose origin dates probably more than 1500 years beyond the commencement of the present era, and which is therefore the most ancient and most important of the literary monuments of the old Hindoos. The East India Company, in just acknowledgment of the importance of the undertaking, have not only offered to defray the expenses of printing the work, which amount to about \$40,000, but have also enabled the editor to give his whole time to his labors in that field, thus giving a new proof how honorably they lend their powerful aid to the advancement even of purely literary undertakings, provided they have some reference to India. The first edition (of 500 copies), a quarto of more than a thousand pages, with splendid typography, bears the title—"Rigveda Sanhita, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans, together with the commentary of Śāyanācharya, edited by Dr. Max Müller. Published under the patronage of the Hon. the East India Company. London, William Allen & Co. 1849." This first volume contains a literary and historical introduction; the text formed by a comparison of the manuscripts of the Royal Library in Berlin, the National Library in Paris, the Bodleian Library in Oxford, that of the East India House in London, and of other manuscripts in the possession of Prof. Burnouf in Paris and Dr. Mill in Cambridge; it contains, further, the commentary of Śāyanācharya, a learned Brahmin, who lived near the end of the fourteenth century, in Vidyānagara, in Southern India; and an index of the poets, the authors of the different hymns, of the deities to whom they are addressed, and of the various metres. Four volumes more will contain the seven remaining books of the Hymns. It is to be mentioned that this is the first edition of the Rigvedas, since the few fragments of the mere text published by the Orientalist, Frederic Rosen, in London, and by Dr. Röer, the Secretary of the Asiatic Society in Calcutta, can hardly be taken into consideration; the former may be found in Lassen's *Anthologia Sanscritica*. The study of the Vedas is considered to be of the highest importance, not only to the ethnologist and historian, on account of the light which they afford in the most remote period of culture and civilization, but also to the theologian, inasmuch as many believe that a general success of the gospel in India (as regards human agency) may only then be expected when competent missionaries will be able to cope with erudite Brahmans on the soil of their most ancient religious record, which hitherto was scarcely known and much less understood. To the linguist the dialect of the Vedas must be of peculiar interest, as it presents to him language in its true simplicity, and entirely destitute of art, pervaded by a certain indescribable native sweetness, full of the imagery of primitive men, and in its profusion and richness of forms exhibiting the graceful movements which one of the oldest tongues of the earth performed in her youth; nor, to the admirer of beauty, can that language remain without attraction, whose poetical dialect styles the conscience "the solitary seer in the heart, from whose eye nothing is hid." As to the English translation, its merits may be expected to be of a high order, as Prof. Wilson, whom Lassen calls "vir de literis Indicis meritissimus, quem doctorem dicamne, an humaniorem, nescio," is the editor of it. There is also a German translation, with notes, in the course of preparation by Dr. Müller himself, who, it is supposed, will give in the *Prolegomena* to the Vedas the most prominent results arrived at in his

"Philologie comparée des langues indo-européennes dans son rapport avec la civilisation primitive du genre humain," an essay rewarded by the French Academy with the great gold medal, 1200frs. in value. (Cf. *Journal des Débats*, of the 29th Oct., and *Leipziger Zeitung*, of the 15th Nov., 1849.) J. L.

Mount Holly, October 3d, 1850.

THE FEW.

HARP STRINGS that stir with fairy music motion,
At the deep hour of shadows and of dreams;
Rainbows that brighten on the desert ocean;
Diamonds through caverns pouring sun-like gleams;

If these are mysteries for mournful feeling,
How may we note the strange and grievous fate
Of spirits, radiant with rare revealing,
Yet, with their gifts for blessing, desolate.

'Neath lowly roof away by singing river,
Or 'mid the greetings of the city room,
For Soul's exelling still is clinging ever
The solitude that makes its lovely doom.

Ah, shameless! too, that even an inviting
To clown and knave for malison and wrong
The life, serenely leal to the lighting
Of Truth and Beauty, slighted 'mid the throng.

Ah, for the sharp annoying! yet, to seeming,
These brave ones take the arrow with such art,
Little a light and heedless world is deeming
How much endurance is of them a part.

Their hearts are human, sure! and own to sorrow
For the missed kindling of communion's glow;
And that no mirroring dear from time they borrow,
Yet, more for others than themselves, their woe.

Ever within—to chanting low and tender,
All pure glad things their trancing story tell,
'Till thought grows wise and rapturous to render
Only responding to that winning spell.

And then, how sadly love with them is leaning
O'er timely lives—the silent and the cold
To fair inspiring—void to them of meaning,
As prayer and rite to gods of marble mould!

JEROME A. MABEY.

THE LATE BISHOP BASCOM.

[From the Correspondence of the National Era.]

In my last communication I mentioned being taken by my good aunt, when I was quite a child, to hear Mr. Summerfield preach to the children. Summerfield is now long since dead; and Mr. Bascom, who was then his great pulpit rival here, if the word *rival* may be used in such a category, is now dead also. The last mail brings us the news that he died in Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. Bascom, as is known to your readers, was last summer created a Bishop of the Methodist Church, South. In fulfilling his first tour of duty as a Bishop he caught the bilious fever; and after lingering many weeks, with every effort in his behalf that medical skill, and friendship, and brotherhood could devise, he yielded to the fate which awaits all of us.

Bishop Bascom and Summerfield were entirely different in their oratory. The one was the storm, the other the sunshine. The delicate and fragile form of Summerfield contrasted strongly with the athletic and powerfully developed frame of Bascom; and so was it with their eloquence.

Bishop Bascom will be a great loss to his church. For, however wide may be the opinions expressed as to the position he took with the church South, all agree that he was a pulpit orator of great gifts. Bishop Bascom's style as a writer was not in good taste; he was too fond of high-flown and far-fetched metaphors, and he was never content unless

he was using adjectives in the superlative degree—his praise or his censure was always in extremes; and he expressed himself in long parenthetical and involved sentences, often hard to the comprehension. This same fault, though in a less degree, exhibited itself in his oratory. His eloquence was sometimes turgid and forced, and he seemed determined to lash himself and his audience into excitement; but still he was brilliant, pointed, full of knowledge and illustration, and fearful in the force and directness of his declamation. His fluency was great, though the listener could not escape the conviction that much of his sermon was studiously prepared and committed to memory.

When a boy, I remember Bishop Bascom's personal beauty. He was tall, well set, with a careless ease of manner—in fact, dashed with a good deal of the Kentucky don't care, which certainly had no clerical primness in it, but which was as certainly very taking. He was staying then at the house of Mr. Kelso, a leading Methodist in Old Town, and it was his wont to walk the pavement very much in apparent abstraction. I could not but think there was a little harmless consciousness about him, when he saw the passer-by halt to gaze at the distinguished preacher.

He drew crowds, as did Summerfield, though it was generally Summerfield who drew the largest crowd, particularly of ladies. Mr. Bascom never was a ladies' man, which so many preachers are—as was Summerfield. Bascom's published volume of sermons shows much greater intellectual force than Summerfield's; but Summerfield's "Sermons and Sketches of Sermons," it must be remembered, were never written for publication, and were published after his death; they, however, offend good taste less than Bascom's.

Bishop Bascom has fulfilled his mission nobly. In the volume of his sermons, published about a year since, he mentioned that he had other manuscript sermons that he might or might not give to the public, according to circumstances. It is to be hoped that his executors will have no doubt on the subject; and it is to be further hoped that unto some one worthy of the task, who will make it a labor of love, his manuscripts and letters may be confided, so that a truthful and appreciative memoir of this distinguished Methodist orator may be given to the world.

[From the Southern Christian Advocate.]

Bishop Bascom died on the morning of the 9th Sept., after a protracted illness, taken as he was returning to Kentucky after holding the St. Louis conference—the first and only conference session at which he lived to preside after his elevation to the episcopal office. Born in Western New York, Dr. Bascom was admitted into the travelling connexion of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1814, if we mistake not, in his sixteenth year. He has been thirty-six years before the public eye. In 1828 he was elected president of Madison College, the second Methodist College established in this country. In 1830 he was appointed agent for the Colonization Society. In 1832 he accepted a chair in Augusta College, where he remained until elected president of Transylvania University in 1842. With this latter institution he was connected until 1849. Thus, for nearly twenty years he has been identified with the cause of education in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Our personal acquaintance with Dr. Bascom began at the General Conference of 1840.

At the same conference he preached in the

High Street Church to as dense a throng as could crowd into the spacious building—the adjoining street being filled with people who could not find entrance into the church. His text was—"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." The sermon embraced all the cardinal elements of the Christian system, set forth in a light so vivid, under illustrations so overpoweringly magnificent, and with a vehemence so rushing and pauseless, as to hold the vast audience spell-bound. Dr. Bascom's sermons while chaplain for Congress, in the early prime of his colossal strength, are spoken of to this day for their power and effect.

The composition of these sermons, it is reasonable to suppose, and indeed it is a well known fact, cost the preacher a world of pains. He subscribed heartily to Dr. Johnson's opinion, that "no one ever did anything well, to which he did not give the whole bent of his mind." Those discourses were by no means impromptu, thrown off under the inspiration produced by facing three thousand people! Carefully arranged, minutely mapped off in their several departments, and even filled up, by foregoing mental elaboration, they were masterly pulpit orations,—to hear one of which formed an era in the life of those who sat from year to year under the ordinary ministrations of the pulpit.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

THE campaign at the Opera House has now fairly commenced, opening last evening with *Der Freischütz*, an opera which has never yet been performed here in Italian. The cast of course was composed of all the chief strength of the company, which at this early moment includes but one novelty, Signor Lorini, a gentleman who secured many admirers when singing with Marti's troupe at Niblo's Theatre. He has, as we have before remarked, a voice of good quality, and uses it with judgment and taste; his appearance also is very good; he will therefore prove an acquisition to M. Maretzek's corps. The cast was as follows: Agatha, Signora Bertucca; Annette, Signorina Patti; Giulio (Max of the original), Signor Lorini; Caspar, Signor Beneventano; Cuno, Signor Rosi; Zamiel, Signor Biondi. The orchestra is numerous, and performed well; the overture in particular was admirably played. Of the chorus we must remark that during the two first acts it was excellent; not so good, however, in the finale. Signora Bertucca has hardly force enough for the part of Agatha—one that requires earnestness and power; her grand scena, therefore, though carefully and faithfully sung, was unimpressive, from the want of vigor and passion on her own part. Signorina Patti exerted herself honestly as Annette, and was evidently sincere if not graceful in her efforts. Her voice, still hard and harsh, is gaining in flexibility, and her style improving in finish. Signor Beneventano was, of course, happy and delighted in his own rendering of Caspar; here was room and opportunity for that vehemence and abandon for which this gentleman is remarkable. As a first performance, it was perhaps more exaggerated than we may see it hereafter. Let us hope so, for it will certainly bear taming down. Signor Lorini was an excellent Max, singing carefully and acting well. As a first performance, of course there were a few mischances; but another night or two will secure a freer representation of the whole. We shall enter into closer details in our next;

and for the present must leave it as a very satisfactory opening evening. The opera is carefully got up, and the manager deserves very great credit for his exertions, and we cordially wish him every success in his undertaking.

On Thursday last the New Music Hall was opened by Madame Bishop and M. Bochsa, aided by a large number of assistants. The programme contained some points of interest, viz. Beethoven's C Minor Symphony, which was, however, but indifferently performed; and, secondly, his Meeras Stille Chorus, of which we can simply say, it required more careful rehearsal. The remainder of the programme was not remarkable in any way. The same performances took place on the following evening, but without securing much attention, for on neither occasion was this large Hall more than furnished with a thin audience. Another concert, we believe, took place on Saturday, and a sacred performance was announced for Sunday evening. Madame Bishop is not a singer of fame sufficient to secure so large an audience as this New Hall is designed to hold. We would suggest, as to the building itself, that magnificence of any degree is out of place unless comfort precedes it; and at present the seats, similar to those torture benches in Castle Garden, are not adapted for anything under penance.

Cantica Laudis: or the American Book of Church Music.

The Melodist: a collection of Popular and Social Songs. By George James Webb and William Mason. New York: Mason & Law.

THE cause of devotional and social music is evidently attracting constantly more attention among us, from year to year. The first of these two works has the rare excellence of simplicity and novelty; and is well calculated to advance the important interests of sacred melody. It is very comprehensive, at the same time select and well methodized. The other provides not only familiar exercises for beginners, but furnishes pieces in advance for more learned scholars. They are both pure and entirely unobjectionable. The names of the editors are an ample guarantee of the care and spirit with which they have been prepared.

M. GOUFIL'S PRINT OF JENNY LIND.

A LARGE engraving, from a daguerreotype by Messrs. Root, drawn on stone by Crehen, one of the most finished specimens of the art yet issued in this country. The accessories of dress are well handled, and the tone of the countenance carefully rendered. As a likeness, it is literal and somewhat matronly.

"*Jenny Lind's Salutation to America*" is published by William Hall & Son, the words by Epes Sargent, and which are now owned by the present publishers, and the melody by Maurice Strakosch, who, in the intervals of the *furor* which possessed him in composing the new opera for Max Maretzek, has found leisure to present the words with a suitable and pleasing air. The latter is exceedingly soft in tone, and of the class to which belongs the well known melody by Wallace of "*A Rêve*," or "*Sleeping I dreamed, Love*." The publication is accompanied with one of the best pictures of the songstress we have yet seen; and is from a daguerreotype by "*Root*," the purchaser of the Philadelphia ticket—for so is classed "*fame*" nowadays. The artist has caught the look upon Jenny Lind's face just before she breaks out into the smiling "*Ha, ha*" of her Herdsman's Echo Song.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

M. DE TROBRIAND takes leave of the public in a last number of his excellent *Revue du Nouveau*

Monde in a good humored "Epilogue," which leaves that feeling of regret on the minds of its readers at the loss of his company in a department of composition which he handles so gracefully—which is the best compliment that can be paid to the late editor. In the execution of his projected work, M. de Trobriand has accomplished everything which taste, enthusiasm, and untiring industry could effect. If he has benefited others rather than himself, under such circumstances, so much the more honor. In the untimely conclusion of his Magazine, failure has been on the part of the public to continue his work, not on his part to perform it. Artists, musicians, and his brethren of the press here, had cause to think well of the editor during his year's round of ingenious speculation and liberal courtesy.

John Timon, too, of the *Lorgnette*, has retired from his survey of the town, with the natural completion of his pleasant papers at the close of a second volume. A characteristic vignette exhibits him gallantly bearing off his own coffin on his shoulders with averted face as a colophon. Rumor says that the late John, in his next *à la Ravel* re-appearance, will face the public resolutely in a new vigorous political newspaper.

Mr. James, the novelist, says the *Post*, has declared his intention of becoming an American citizen by taking the preliminary measures in the proper court in this city. This will at once clearly entitle him to the protection of our copyright laws in any books he may publish. We understand he has already made arrangements for the commencement of a new serial novel in the December number of Stringer & Townsend's "*International Magazine*." A letter has appeared from his pen and some indifferent stanzas in the *Courier*, in reply to a slaughterous attack in the *Whig Review* on a copy of verses abusive of America which were published with his name some time since in the Dublin University Magazine. It is a trifling affair, which we think Mr. James would have consulted his self-respect and position by leaving just where it stood. The lines in question are good in their way, the best we have seen from Mr. James's pen, and their vigor is a compliment to the country which stimulated the unwonted fire. There seems just now, we may remark, a balance of magnanimity on the American side. While English journalists, who should know better, are greedily publishing the most absurd jokes as matters of fact, in depreciation of the Jenny Lind enthusiasm, with very unhandsome comments, the American press has been "putting down" American elergymen and Magaziners who have had the audacity to question the proprieties of a British steamer and a British author. The diminution of American sensitiveness and anti-English feeling we presume to be in direct proportion to the increase of real power at home.

Hon. D. D. Barnard has sailed for Europe to enter upon his post as American Minister to Berlin. Previous to his departure the citizens of Albany addressed to him a highly complimentary letter, to which he replied with warmth and feeling.

At the opening of the Forty-fourth Session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Crosby street, the President announced that arrangements had that day been completed, by which application would be made to the Regents of the University of the State of New York, for appointing to a place in the Faculty of the College, the distinguished individual who has done so much for surgery in this country, Dr. Valentine Mott. The enthusiasm produced by this announcement was very great, and Dr. Mott, whose appearance on the platform had created no little surprise at first, acknowledged the compliment, says the reporter of the *Post*, with a glowing face, and an expression of the deepest sensibility.

"Just now," writes the Trenton (N. J.) correspondent of the *Newark Sentinel*, "Philadelphia has her pulpit 'lion' in the person of the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, of the Arch street Presbyterian church. He was settled in Troy, N. Y., for some seven or eight years, and commenced his la-

boys among our phlegmatic neighbors early last spring. His house is fairly besieged with auditors more than an hour before the commencement of the service. The building will accommodate about 1500 persons. On account of the crowd Mr. W. enters his pulpit from beneath by a ladder from the basement lecture-room. His person is slender, and his dark eyes, hair, and complexion, have decidedly a Jewish cast. The elements of his popularity are somewhat like those of the gifted Summerfield—a sweet, touching voice, warmth of manner, and lively imagination. Wadsworth's style is vastly bolder, his fancy more vivid, and his action more violent than Summerfield's, but in tender pathos and happy introduction of Scripture incident they are strikingly similar. The model on which Wadsworth has founded his rhetoric is the brilliant and imaginative Melville, of London, though he surpasses in bold imagery his famous model. There is a considerable coincidence of phraseology, but not in *thought*, as we have ever heard. Mr. W. is too rich to steal. The Astors and Stephen Whitneys are not apt to disturb their neighbors' iron safes or bank vaults. The subjects which the Arch street pastor selects for his pulpit discussions are peculiar, and quite out of the usual line. His texts are short, and much interwoven with the woof of the discourse. In illustrating such passages as 'Jesus wept,' and 'watching the dying Saviour' (Mat. xxvii. 36), the plaintive wail of his tremulous voice is singularly subduing and effective. The house is hushed into silence—and like the tones of Coleridge's harp—

The long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise.

"The effect is soothing and melting beyond description. In argumentation Mr. Wadsworth is rapid, unique, and original, often startling his audience, like Dr. Bushnell, with a seeming paradox. How long his imagination will sustain such adventurous flights, and how long his feeble frame will bear such a pressure, it is impossible to conjecture."

By an arrival at St. Louis on the 22d Sept., from the Upper Missouri, the editor of the *Republican* is informed by Major Hatton, Indian Agent for the Blackfeet, and other tribes, that "a short time previous to his departure from Fort Pierre, a band of two hundred Sioux warriors had started out against their foes, the Pawnees and Ottobes, and a smaller party against the Reas. The Indians on the north-western frontier are in a very unsettled and dissatisfied condition, and much bloodshed is anticipated from intestine feuds. The war parties of the Sioux had not been heard from up to the time of Major Hatton's departure, and he expresses the belief that they will not return until they have met their foes and had their revenge. They have an old grudge against the Ottobes, and a more recent one growing out of sundry depredations in the way of horse stealing and scalp taking last season, which they have sworn to revenge by exterminating the whole tribe. This expedition of the Sioux, it is thought, will be the signal of a general rupture; and it may be that our northwestern frontier will be the theatre of many a bloody battle between the different tribes."

The same arrival brings intelligence that Capt. Stansbury's corps of Topographical Engineers had closed the survey of the country of the Great Salt Lake. The *Deseret News* (they have a paper there) contains a letter from Capt. Stansbury, intended to contradict reports which have reached the States, that the object of his expedition had been forcibly opposed by the inhabitants of the valley. He says nothing can be further from the truth. He was received by the President and public authorities with the greatest courtesy, and he will remember with gratitude the many tokens of kindness received from the citizens of the place. "Every facility has been studiously afforded us for the prosecution of our duties; instruments of science frankly and gratuitously loaned, and the able and faithful assistance obtained, from their commencement here, of a gentleman well known as a fearless advocate of your doctrines, and a prominent and influential member of your community."

I have deemed it not improper to say thus much, to counteract an erroneous impression against a people already burdened with too much undeserved reproach."

A notice of the English movement of supplies of emigrants, from the *Millennial Star*, is a foreign supplement of the last domestic items:—"The ship North Atlantic sailed from Liverpool on the morning of the 4th of September, carrying three hundred and fifty-seven souls of the Latter-day Saints, under the presidency of Elder David Sudworth. Their destination is the Great Salt Lake Valley via New Orleans, St. Louis, and Council Bluffs.—The ship James Pennell will sail on the 2d instant, with a full complement of Saints, bound for the same destination.—Another ship will leave with a load of Welsh Saints towards the middle of this month. And thus are fulfilled the words of the inspired writers: 'Come out of her (Babylon), my people,' Rev. xviii. 4. 'Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him,' Matt. xxv. 6. 'I will say to the north, give up; and to the south, keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by my name. Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence,' Isaiah xlii. 6, 7, and lii. 11. Let the nations of Old Babylon take warning, for God's elect are departing out of their midst. Remember what befell Sodom after the righteous fled out, and remember the words of the Saviour, 'As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of Man.'—Elder Robert Campbell, from the Great Salt Lake city, arrived in the steamship Cambria, Sept. 2, bringing news from that distant region up to the 20th of April. Several other Elders from the Great Salt Lake city arrived in Liverpool on the 14th ult. Their names are as follows: Appleton Harmon, Claudius V. Spencer, William Burton, John O. Angus, Isaac C. Haight, Jesse W. Crosby, and James Works."

We understand, says the *Boston Atlas*, that the United States Government have adopted the new hydrometer of "Tralles," of Germany, for ascertaining the true per cent., by volume, of the quantity of alcohol contained in spirituous liquors, and that hereafter the terms 1st proof, 2d proof, &c., will no longer be used. The instrument is accompanied by a Manual, executed by Professor R. S. McCullo, under the direction and control of Professor A. D. Bache, Supt. of Weights, Measures, and Balances. Woods Baker, Esq., is now in this city, giving instructions for using this valuable discovery for determining the relative value of liquors.

A comment or two on the New York capacity for Club Life occurs in the "Jacques du Monde" correspondence of the National Intelligencer. Of these important adjuncts of European civilization it is said:—"They are entirely unsuited to the habits of our city life, which, as a general rule, extend the hours of business over the entire day, leaving the evenings only for recreation, which is more apt to be of a social character, or drawn from some public source of entertainment, than from that stagnant sort of amusement which satisfies the race of London bachelors in their club houses. In London, besides, the clubs represent classes of society, political parties, literary cliques; they are central places of resort for persons of kindred views and associations, and thus form distinct and permanent features of the social organization. In New York a club is simply a place of convenient resort for the benefit of those who have no more agreeable way of disposing of their time—a class of persons by no means large even in this great metropolis. In fact, the number of such organizations in this city is remarkably small. In France every provincial capital has its 'Cercle,' its 'Reunion,' or club, under some name or other, a connexion with which is indispensable to respectability and standing. So, too, in Germany, and generally on the continent, where domesticity is little cultivated. Here, in New York, nothing of the sort prevails. There are a few clubs got up for purposes of convenience, and maintained by subscribers, many of whom never frequent them, and one or two, such

as the *Union* and the *Racket Clubs*, established with a view to performance. The former of these is composed mainly of gentlemen of leisure, who take some pleasure in perpetuating an agreeable association; and the latter, after having tried the experiment of keeping up its organization on the strength of the athletic game of racket, has come to be simply a place of resort for such of its subscribers as have an idle hour on their hands. The vast majority of sensible people prefer, in these days of cheap literature, to read their periodical in their own arm chair at home, and to command their own society according to their humor."

Madlle. Lind's name figures liberally in the advertising columns of the cities which she visits. Her presence seems everywhere to invigorate the trading propensity. We meet with the following paragraphs, at random, in the Boston and Philadelphia papers:—

A DIPLOMA WORTH HAVING.—Mr. W. B. Little, corner of Hanover and Salem streets, has received from the judges of the Mechanics' Fair, two medals and a diploma for his superior candy, chloroform, and cod liver oil. But what Mr. Little will probably prize most is a diploma from Jenny Lind in her own hand-writing, as follows:

Dear Sir: Allow me to thank you for the beautiful specimen of confectionery which you have sent me, and which, without exception, was the finest production of that kind I ever have seen. Yours very truly,

Boston, Oct., 1850.

JENNY LIND.

"We must close our notice this week of Jenny," says the last Philadelphia *Saturday Post*, "with a characteristic note sent by her to a restaurateur of this city, who forwarded her a cluster of reed birds for her table."

"Dear Sir: Allow me to thank you sincerely for your kind attention towards me, in sending such a number of little birds, which I consider to be a very great delicacy, although it is a cruelty to not let them have their peace to jump about and enjoy themselves in the woods. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

JENNY LIND.

"J. Guy, Jr., Esq."

"Ossian E. Dodge, Esq., the purchaser of the \$625 ticket at Boston, is drawing upon the citizens for the amount. He is announced for a concert in the Tremont Temple, on Monday evening, Oct. 28th. John G. Saxe, Esq., of Burlington, Vt., has been declared the winner of Dodge's \$50 prize, offered for the best comic song.

The *Louisville Journal* brings together the following suggestive Western statistics:—

ADVANCE OF POWER TO THE WEST.—Dr. Patterson, of the Philadelphia Mint, has published some useful tables, which show the centre of representative population in the United States at each census from 1790 to 1840 inclusive. By these tables, it appears that the centre of representative population in 1790 was 46 miles north and 22 east of Washington, in Baltimore county, Maryland. In 1800 the centre was 64 miles north and 30 west of Washington, in Adams county, Pennsylvania. In 1820 it was 47 miles north and 71 west of Washington, in Morgan county, Virginia. In 1830 it was 43 miles north and 108 west of Washington, in Hampshire county, Virginia. In 1840 it was 36 miles north and 160 west of Washington, in Marion county, Virginia. By these calculations, the accuracy of which we see no reason to question, the representative power, in its rapid and accelerated movement westward, has for 50 years kept nearly the same parallel of latitude. In that time it has moved 10 miles south and 182 miles westward. The advance westward was as follows:—

From 1790 to 1800	13 miles.
" 1800 to 1810	30 "
" 1810 to 1820	41 "
" 1820 to 1830	37 "
" 1830 to 1840	52 "

The calculation is that the census of 1850, now being taken, will show the centre of representative population in the State of Ohio. "A glance at the West presents to view," says the *Cannelton Economist*, "a region comprising 2,725,000 square miles, now peopled with a population, exclusive of aborigines, of only ten millions, and capable of sustaining 847,500,000 at the rate that England is populated. Such a number will be found upon it

before the middle of the next century, according to the present rate of increase. Its mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers are on the grandest scale. Its natural facilities for internal communication are great. The Missouri is 3,600 miles in length, or more than twice as long as the Danube. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine. Its lakes extend from east to west over 15½ degrees of longitude, covering an area of 93,000 square miles, and draining a country of 400,000 square miles. The Mississippi and its tributaries alone afford a steamboat navigation of 25,000 or 30,000 miles. Its inland commerce in 1846 was \$432,000,000, more than twice the foreign commerce of the country. The vast chains of railroads and dykes commenced, when completed, intersecting it in every direction, will enhance it. A more bountiful soil, giving richer remuneration to the cultivator, cannot be found on earth."

The London *Athenæum* supplies us with the following:—The *Journal des Débats* states that a M. Prax, who had been secretly commissioned by the French Government to make an examination of the Southern Oasis of Algeria, has returned to Paris and been permitted to make public the results of his observations. He visited Souf and Tuggurt, and there satisfied himself that the interior of Africa is supplied, to the exclusion of Algeria, from Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt. The Tuat trades to Morocco; Ghadames frequents the markets of Tripoli and Tunis; the merchants of Fezzan go to Tripoli and Cairo. M. Prax thinks, however, that it would be easy to establish commercial relations between Algeria and the Oases. The French colony would communicate with the country of the Blacks by means of the Chaamba and the Arabs of El Ouad, inhabiting its southern frontiers. The products of French industry carried into the interior of Africa would be distributed from the Tuat to Ghadames and Fezzan, from Timbuctoo to Ouâra, the capital of Ouaddai, and would supply the Arabs, the Touareg, and the Fellatah. M. Prax has traced a detailed map of that part of Africa over which he thinks the commerce of France might be extended, marking the routes which link Algeria to the Regencies of Tunis and Tripoli, to the Oases, and to the countries of the Touareg, the Blacks, and the Fellatah. All these roads, he says, are perfectly secure, with the exception of that which goes from Tunis to Souf."

The Academy of Sciences, says *La Siècle*, has at present under consideration a plan of a most extraordinary character, being neither more nor less than a suspension bridge between France and England. M. Ferdinand Lemaître proposes to establish an aërostatic bridge between Calais and Dover. For this purpose he would construct strong abutments, to which the platform would be attached. At a distance of every 100 yards across the Channel he would sink four barges, heavily laden, to which would be fixed a double iron chain, of peculiar construction. A formidable apparatus of balloons, of an elliptical form, and firmly secured, would support in the air the extremity of these chains, which would be strongly fastened to the abutments on the shore by other chains. Each section of 100 yards would cost about 300,000*fr.*, which would make 84,000,000*fr.* for the whole distance across. These chains, supported in the air at stated distances, would become the point of support to this fairy bridge, on which the inventor proposes to establish an atmospheric railway. This project has been developed at great length by the inventor.

"CAPTATORES VERBORUM."

Editors Literary World:

WHEN Mr. Webster made the blundering Latin quotation noticed in your last week's paper, two words of the following sentence were, I suppose, floating dimly in his memory:—"Ita est tibi jurisconsultus ipse per se nihil nisi leguleius quidam cautus et acutus, præco actionum, cantor formularum, *auceps syllabarum*." Cic. de Orat. I. 55.

The phrase "*auceps syllabarum*," i. e. "syllable-catcher," "caviller," was the one he wished to recollect.

P. Q.

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AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. APPLETON have now ready, an illustrated work for the coming season, "Our Saviour, with Prophets and Apostles," a series of Eighteen highly finished Steel Engravings, edited by Dr. Wainwright—Miss Macintosh's "Evenings at Donaldson Manor;" and will shortly issue two books by Grace Aguilar—"The Women of Israel" and "A Mother's Recompense."

A Life of John Randolph, by Hon. H. A. Garland, 2 vols. 8vo., is announced by Messrs. Appleton—also a new Poem, "Christ in Hades," by W. W. Lord.

J. S. REDFIELD, New York, and J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, will publish early in November in a 12mo. volume (paper and bound), the sketches of the last named city which have appeared in the *Literary World*, under the title of the "*Manhattan in New Orleans; or, Phases of Crescent City Life*;" with the addition of many new Sketches not before published.

MESSRS. GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN have just added to their valuable series of scientific publications a new edition of *Harris's Preadamite Earth*, and the first American from the third London edition of *Miller's Foot-prints of the Creator; or, the Asterolepis of Stromness*, with a Memoir of the author by Agassiz; and *The Poetry of Science*, by Robert Hunt. They announce for early publication, *The Old Red Sandstone*, by Miller.

MR. PUTNAM has in press, and will publish in a few days, the following new works, most of which are designed for presentation books: *Beranger Illustrated*,—two hundred of his Lyrical Poems, done into English by Charles W. Young, Editor of the "*Albion*," embellished by a series of beautiful engravings on steel, executed in Paris. 1 vol. 12mo. Also a small edition of the same work, without the illustrations, in 12mo. *The Memorial: a Souvenir of Genius and Virtue*, written by the friends of the late Frances S. Osgood, and edited by Mary E. Hewitt, with engravings on steel, executed in the finest style. 1 vol. 8vo. *The Picturesque Souvenir: Letters of a Traveller*, by W. C. Bryant, Esq., illustrated with a series of views engraved on steel. 1 vol. 8vo. *Rural Hours, Illustrated*, being a splendid edition in octavo of Miss Fenimore Cooper's charming work, embellished by numerous elegantly colored drawings of birds and flowers. Poems, by Samuel G. Goodrich, illustrated by beautiful engravings on wood. A General View of the Fine Arts, Critical and Historical; with an introduction by D. Huntington. *The World's Progress: a Dictionary of Dates, with Tabular Views of History*, edited by G. P. Putnam, with Historical Charts, &c. *The History of Propellers and Steam Navigation*, by Robert Macfarlane, editor of the "*Scientific American*." *Jamaica in 1850; or, the Effects of Sixteen Years of Freedom on a Slave Colony*, by John Bigelow, Esq., of the "*New York Evening Post*." *The Pathfinder*, by J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. Author's revised edition. To be followed by other works, forming the series of the *Leather-Stocking Tales, the Sea Stories, &c.*, in uniform style. *The Wide, Wide World*, by Elizabeth Wetherell. *Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome*. *Fadette*; translated from the French by Miss W. M. Hayea. *Elements of Trigonometry*, by Prof. Hackley. Mr. P. will also speedily issue, "*Vala; or, the Nightingale*," by Parke Godwin, embellished with original designs, executed on wood in the first style.

ENGLISH LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co. announce Foreign Reminiscences, by Henry Richard Lord Holland, comprising Anecdotes, and an Account of such Persons and Political Intrigues in Foreign Countries as have fallen within his Lordship's observation. Edited by his Son, Henry Edward Lord Holland.

The Sixth and concluding volume of Southey's *Life and Correspondence* will be published immediately.

Alaric Watts's long promised *Lyrics of the Heart*, and other Poems, to be embellished uniformly with Rogers's *Italy and Poems*, will be issued the present month. Among its illustrations will be designs by Gilbert Stuart Newton, Stothard, Sir T. Lawrence, Howard, Roberts, Bonington, Leslie, Haydon, Ettie, and others. The engravers are equally celebrated.

The Miscellaneous Works of Sir James Macintosh are to be issued in one volume square crown 8vo. uniform with Southey's *Common Place-Book*, &c.; and in the same form, the Complete Poetical Works of Joanna Baillie.

Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino and their Court; comprising Notices of the Wars, Literature, and Arts in Italy, from 1440 to 1630, by James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun, 3 vols. 8vo. with plates and wood engravings—are announced by Longmans. Other books promised by this house for the coming season, are *Villa Vefochio; or, the Youth of Leonardo da Vinci: a Tale*, by the late Diana Louisa Macdonald. *Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe*, by Alex. von Humboldt, Vol. III., translated by Mrs. Sabine. *A History of Greece, from the Earliest Time to the Taking of Corinth by the Romans B.C. 146: mainly based on Bp. Thirlwall's History of Greece*, by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, 12mo. Annotations on the New Testament, by the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield. *The Hunting-Field*, by Harry Hieover. *The Geological Observer*, by Sir H. T. De la Beche. New and revised editions of *Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*, and *Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art*. The eighth vol. of *Jeremy Taylor's Works*, including *The Worthy Communicant*.

The publication of Dr. Traill's *Josephus*, edited by Isaac Taylor, which was interrupted by the death of the translator, will be resumed, with the 5th part, Nov. 1.

Martin Farquhar Tupper has published *King Alfred's Poems*, now first turned into English metres.

Sampson Low has published *Light in the Dark Places; or, Memorials of Christian Life in the Middle Ages*, translated from the German of Neander.

Dr. Mayo's "*Kaloolah*," and "*The Berber*," have been neatly reprinted in Routledge's *shilling* series of his Popular Library.

The new number of the *Quarterly Review* opens with an article on Ticknor's Spanish Literature. Among its other papers are *Forms of Salvation, Siberia and California, Mure's Literature of Greece, Anecdotes of the Provisional Government, Cochrane's Young Italy, Last Days of Louis Philippe*.

The *Edinburgh Review* has articles on The United States, British Museum Catalogue, History of the English Language, Difficulties of Republican France, Col. Chesney's Expedition to the Euphrates and Tigris, Horace and Tasso, Recent Classical Romances, Mure's Grecian Literature, Emigration, and Industrial Schools.

The *Westminster*, for October, discusses the Hindoo Drama, Natural Systems of Botany, Consular Establishments, Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*," County Court Extension, Memoirs of William Penn, Summary of the Session, The Sabbath.

The *Eclectic* contains Carlyle's Pamphlets, Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, Mr. Melville and the South Sea Missions, &c.

The Sketches of American Society, by a New Yorker, are continued in *Fraser*, for October, with "*Life at a Watering Place*."

Colburn announces "*Lives of the Queens o*

England of the House of Brunswick," 3 vols. 8vo. with portraits.

Rivingtons, *The Athenian Stage: a Handbook for Students*. From the German of Witzschel, by the Rev. R. B. Paul and Rev. T. K. Arnold.

Smith, Elder & Co.—*The Stones of Venice*, vol. 1; *The Foundations*, by John Ruskin; *A New Christmas Book*, by Thackeray; a volume of *Table Talk*, by Leigh Hunt; *Literary Remains of Ellis and Acton Bell*, with Notices of Both Authors, by Currer Bell; *Women Exemplary for Piety and Charity*, by Julia Kavanagh; *The King of the Golden River, a New Fairy Tale*, illustrated by Doyle; *Pique*, a new Novel.

Bentley—*The History of the Sicilian Vespers*, by Michele Amari, edited by the Earl of Ellesmere, 2 vols. 8vo.

Blackwood—*Notes on North America, Agricultural, Social and Economical*, by James W. F. Johnston, F.R.S.S. L. and E., &c.; *Curran and his Contemporaries*, by Charles Phillips; *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, by Agnes Strickland; *Agricultural Philosophy, Animal and Vegetable*, by T. L. Kemp; *An Analysis and Critical Interpretation of the Hebrew Version of the Book of Genesis*, by Rev. Wm. Paul; *A New Edition of Mrs. Hemans's Poems*, in six vols.

Hall, Virtue & Co.—*Prophetic Studies; or, Lectures on Daniel*, by Rev. J. Cumming, 1 vol. 217 Occasional Discourses.

Murray—*The Defenceless State of Great Britain*, by F. B. Head; *A Treatise on Naval Gunnery*, by Lt. Gen. Sir Howard Douglas. England, from the Peace of Utrecht, Vols. 5 and 6, 1763–1780, by Lord Mahon. England—Political, Social, and Industrial, in the Nineteenth Century, 2 vols. 8vo. *State Papers of Henry Eighth's Reign*, Vols. 6 to 11, 4to. *Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Stothard*, by Mrs. Bray, with woodcuts from his works.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND FROM THE 14TH TO THE 28TH OF SEPT.

Appleyard (J. W.)—*The Kafir Language*; comprising a Sketch of its History. 8vo. (King William's Town), pp. 414, cloth, 2s. Bartlett (F.)—*A Treatise on British Mining*. 8vo. pp. 91, cloth, 3s. Benedict XIV.—*Heroic Virtue: A Portion of the Treatise of Benedict XIV. on the Beatification and Canonization of the Servants of God*. Translated into English. Vol. 1, 12mo. pp. 402, cl. 4s. Browne (E. H.)—*An Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*. Vol. 1, 8vo. pp. 479, cl. 10s. 6d. Burghley (Lord)—*Life and Times of*. By the Rev. W. B. Charlton, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. (Stamford), pp. 126, cloth, 2s. Cassels (R.)—*Edison; or, the Course of a Soul*; and other Poems. By Walter Cassels. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 252, cloth, 6s. 6d. Christopher (J. S.)—*Natal, Cape of Good Hope, a Grazing, Agricultural, and Cotton Growing Country*. With an Appendix and a Vocabulary of the Natal or Zulu Language. 8vo. pp. 146, cloth, 4s. Cocks's Musical Miscellany: a Journal of Music and Musical Literature. No. 1, for October, 1850. (Monthly.) 2d. Cooper (W. D.)—*The History of Winchester*. 8vo. (Hastings), pp. 270, and 11 illustrations, cloth, 7s. 6d. Duchesse de Bracciano (The). Translated from the French by Elizabeth O'Hara. Fcp. 8vo. (Liverpool), pp. 408, cloth, 7s. 6d. Elements (The) of Geography on a New Plan. 18mo. pp. 146, cloth, 1s. Emigrant's Letters; with a Map and Abstract of Wages and Prices. 12mo. pp. 138, sewed, 1s. 6d. Evans (John).—*Lancashire Authors and Orators*. 8vo. pp. 294, cl. 5s. Eviya Efendi.—*Narrative of Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the Seventeenth Century*. Trans. by J. Von Hammer. Vol. 2, 4to. pp. 248, cl. 12s. Goldsmith (O.)—*A History of the World and Animated Nature*. With an Introductory View of the Animal Kingdom, translated from Cuvier, and copious Notes, embracing Accounts of new Discoveries in Natural History; a Life of the Author, by Washington Irving; and Index. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. pp. 1132, 72 plates, cloth, £2. 2s. Gosse (P. H.)—*Natural History: Reptiles*. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 300, cl. 3s. 4d. Graham's Elements of Chemistry. Vol. 1, 8vo. pp. 640, cloth, 21s. Hand-book for Travellers in Devon and Cornwall; with Maps. 12mo. pp. 240, cloth, 6s. Heligoland; or, Reminiscences of Childhood. Sq. pp. 47, cloth, 2s. 6d. Holland (G. C.)—*Practical Suggestions for the Prevention of Consumption*. 8vo. pp. 150, cl. 4s. Holy Vessels of the Tabernacle. Oblong fol. half bd. £1. 15s. Illustrated Ditties of the Olden Time.—Embellishments principally from the original Designs of a Lady. Small 4to. splendidly bd. 14s. Leibnitz (G. W. von).—*A System of Theology*. Trans. by C. W. Russell, D.D. 8vo. pp. 388, cloth, 10s. 6d. Livy.—*Libri 1, 2, 92*. Ed. by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. 12mo. pp. 378, cloth, 4s. London (J. C.)—*The Villa Gardener*. 8vo. pp. 524, with engrav. cl. 12s. Macgregor (J.)—*Three Days in the East*. 18mo. pp. 70, bs. 1s. Commercial Statistics. Vol. 5 royal 8vo. pp. 230, cl. 24s. Margoliouth (M.)—*A Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers*. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 824, cl. 32s. Miller (T.)—*Original Poems for my Children*. Square, pp. 96, cl. 2s. 6d. Natural History of Common Salt. Square, pp. 268, cloth, 3s. 4d. Revelation

(The) of Jesus Christ, explained. 8vo. pp. 300, cloth, 14s. Sermons, by T. L. Cloughston, W. Cooke, J. E. Cox, J. C. Miller, G. J. Shaw, Smith (H. S.)—*The Parliaments of England from 1st George I. to the Present Time*. Vol. 3 12mo. pp. 312, cloth, 10s. 6d. Tupper (M. F.)—*King Alfred's Poems: now first turned into English Metres*. 12mo. pp. 143, cloth, 3s. Wilson (W.)—*The Bible Student's Guide to the more correct Understanding of the English Translation of the Old Testament by reference to the Original Hebrew*. By the Rev. W. Wilson, D.D. 4to. (Winchester), pp. 616, 42s.

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